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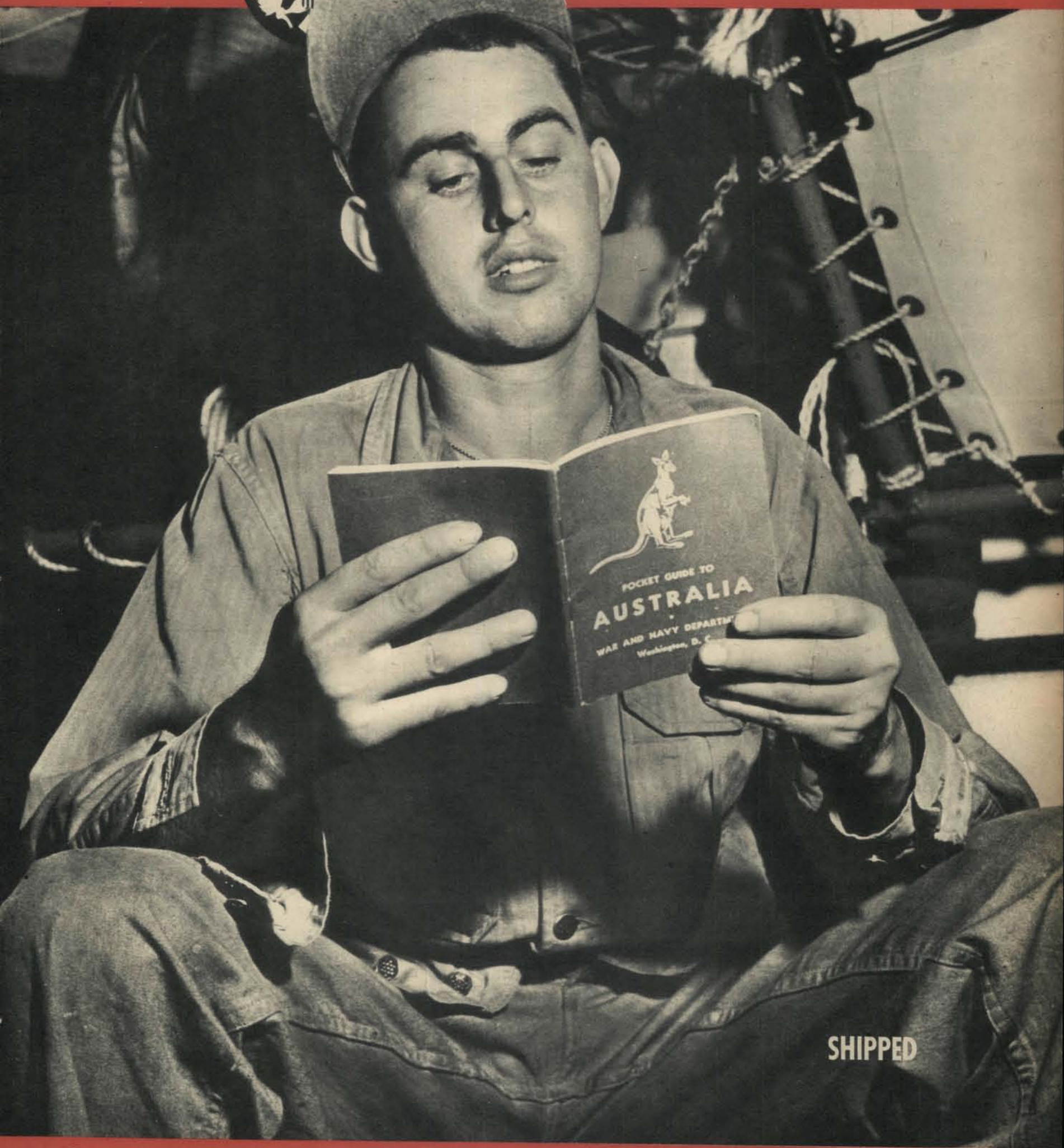
By the men . . for the men in the service



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What Do the British Think of American Soldiers?

PAGE 8

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Do you get romantic with your patients?

Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer, asked this leading question of five U. S. Army nurses stationed in the Middle East and got these answers.

2D LT. ALICE DONOVAN of Mount Ephraim, N. J., approached as she luxed her green herringbone twills, answered: "Of course not. The boys are as alike as peas in a pod. They all wear the same kind of pajamas and bathrobes. I guess if I must be pinned down to it, I'll say I'm romantic about them all."

2D LT. OLGA DROBEK of Reading, Pa., was snapped as she slipped a wad of surgical dressings into a hospital sterilizer. She cheerfully quipped: "I work all alone in the sterilizing room and never get into the wards. So, you see, I have no patients for this kind of a question."

2D LT. SALLY TRASK of Skowhegan, Maine, caught in her bed at 5 A.M., was a little annoyed but was enough on the alert to say: "Definitely not. Patients are fine people, but there's nothing romantic about them — especially after you brush their teeth and feed them pills."

2D LT. DOROTHY MAAG of Schwenkville, Pa., was interrupted in her morning shower by the camera's click. Hesitant about committing herself once and for all, she turned off the water and said, "It all depends." The photographer, unable to get more comment, left after borrowing a towel to dry his camera.

2D LT. BEATRICE RAYMOND of Quakertown, Pa., intercepted at the breakfast table, thought about it for a moment and replied: "I think not. I look on them as a group of my children who need my attention night and day. Besides, 99 out of 100 of them have girls already."

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What Do the British Think of Us?

By Capt. WARWICK CHARLTON
Editor of *Crusader*
British Eighth Army Weekly

CAIRO—The British officer in the Honourable Artillery Company glanced over at the American officer seated across the table from him.

"Would you pass the tea, please," he said.

"Sure," said the American. "I'll have some when you're finished with it."

"I didn't know you drank tea," said the HAC.

"I prefer coffee," said the American, "but out here in the desert we can't get coffee so we drink tea." He poured himself a cup and the HAC looked on in wonder.

The American caught his glance and laughed.

"I guess you think it's strange to see an American drink tea," he said, "but do you drink coffee?"

"Sometimes but not often," replied the HAC.

"Well," said the American, "we sometimes drink tea, and speaking personally I like it and I'm going to drink a lot more." And so saying he drained his cup and poured out another one.

Transit camps are very strange places. They are a sorting house for all desert troops on their way up to or coming from the battle area. In them you meet a cross section of the Army. During two years in the desert I have been to many transit camps, but this was the first time I had met an American soldier. In the course of my duties I have met many Americans. Before the United States entered the war I met American newspaper correspondents and many officials, but this was the first time I had chanced across an American Army man, who, as I learned later, was an ordinary soldier with a normal military job. In fact he might have been any one of thousands of American officers.

I buttonholed him outside the mess tent.

"Are you staying here long?"

"No longer than I can help," he said.

I introduced myself and so did he. "Robert D. Pfahler's the name," he said.

I didn't catch it first time and he repeated it and spelled it out. "It's of German origin," he explained. "My first name's English, second French and third German. I'm a 100-percent American."

"Have you any troops with you?"

"Yeah. We traveled up here by railroad."

"Have you any transport of your own?"

"No—not a wheel, and we got eight tons of equipment."

Now it's hard enough to move about in the desert when you've a vehicle of your own, but when you have to get transport from someone else, then it's a long, weary business.

"How far do you intend moving up?" I asked, and he mentioned a place 300 miles distant.

"You've got a job on your hands if you think you're going to obtain transport quickly," I told him. "It's a very difficult problem. What job are you on?"

"I'm in the Engineers," he said.

"Oh you're in the REs."

"What's that—REs?"

"Royal Engineers . . ."

"Royal?" He smiled. "There's been a war since then," he said, and I laughed at my slip.

"I'm an engineer—a Diesel-engine engineer.

SEEING ALGIERS TOGETHER AMERICAN AND BRITISH, HAVING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN BY A STREET PHOTOGRAPHER, ATTRACTED PLENTY OF KIBITZERS.

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Worked on our Southern Railroad System in Cincinnati, Ohio. Nearly all my boys were on the railroads back home."

For the next two days Lt. Pfahler thumbed lifts into Tobruk to inquire about his movement order. I asked him what progress he had made.

"Your Army's like ours," he said. "There's a lot of hurry up and wait. I'm going to keep trying, though. I reckon the quicker anyone gets on a job the sooner we'll have this war won."

I didn't expect him to get very good results. There were plenty of people, including myself, waiting for transportation forward and we had higher priorities than the lieutenant.

The third day he was all smiles.

"I'm off," he announced.

"How did you do it?"

"I saw the brigadier. I guess your brigadiers are pretty good people to deal with. This one seemed to have everything at his fingertips—all the details. He offered the chance to get moving up front if I'd take some guns up for him. There's enough room for our equipment; the men have to ride on the backs of guns. It's a long journey to take that way but they are glad to be moving. I might offer you a lift if you asked me." I asked.

During our 2½ days journey I learned a lot about the Americans from the lieutenant and his men. They could all handle MT. Most of them had detailed mechanical knowledge.

A top private—their equivalent to our corporal—explained he had messed around with cars since he was 11 years of age. "Give an American a Ford and you've given him another pair of hands," he explained. They have an urge to keep moving that is inclined to get on the nerves of a desert rat who has learned to take things as they come. They, in turn, were at first irritated when we brewed up. Then, after a day, they got used to it, and they agreed we wouldn't reach our destination any later.

They summed up the months before they came into the war with these words: "Those were bad days. We didn't know what was happening next and there was always the threat of war. We all knew in our hearts we were going in before long. The suspense got on your nerves. Pearl Harbor was, in its way, a good thing; it woke us up—just like Dunkirk must have gotten your goat." They were frank and had none of the celluloid slickness portrayed by Hollywood and too often taken as reality by many of us. Most of all they were simple and direct.

Some of them believed in President Roosevelt and others were critical. Whatever their views they admired him. I asked one of them, a staunch Republican, if it was true that only the voter wanted Roosevelt for President and he laughed and said maybe that was true: "He's a pretty smart guy."

They were interested in everything they saw and well informed. Their standard of education was high; evidently educational facilities in the U.S. were open to all. The young lieutenant had worked his way through college and so had many of his men.

Whatever else they believed in they believed in America.

A top sergeant from New Mexico told me, after we had spoken about the war in general and of Russia, Egypt, the Western Desert and Libya: "I guess we don't know what a fine country we live in until we see some of the world. Don't you feel that way about England?" I agreed.

We spoke about co-education, and he said that in nearly all schools in the States boys and girls were trained together.

"We don't have co-education as a general rule in Britain," I said, "But if we did I think the pupils would become very friendly."

He laughed. "They're not so distant in the States."

When we reached Bengasi I left them and did not see them again for two days. In that time they had cleared up the railroad, and two of the Diesels the Germans had scorch-earthed were in running order and hauling supplies. They were lifting *I-wish-I-could-tell-you-but-the-censor-won't-let-me* tons per day.

I watched them at work. Their discipline was good. I had heard the American Army was easy-going in such matters, but another officer, a captain from Kentucky, explained: "We're democratic all right and by that we understand we should accept discipline as part of our right to be free."

They told me they had heard we were rather inclined to be stiff-backed in our Army. But they agreed that was a popular misconception and paid tribute to the comradeship they had witnessed between our officers and men.

I lunched with them, and as we polished off bully and all of them drank tea, an officer I knew came in.

I introduced him to the Americans: "They're engineers," I added. And I could have sworn I heard Robert D. Pfahler, true-blue American, say under his breath: "You forgot the 'Royal.'"

What Do We Think of the British?

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAIRO—The medium-sized figure of this story is the average buck private I've met in the British Desert Army—British in this case meaning the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. He's got a sun-browned face and hands, and he comes from England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales.

His speech is naturally the first thing that strikes you, but after a few weeks or a month you're able to place him, like you'd place a man from Georgia or Maine. You can walk up and say, "You're from the Midlands" or "from Scotland." You can't guarantee to be 100 percent right, but it gives you a kick when you are.

You're just about used to his speech when you realize that he doesn't speak much. He's a quiet man. When he says, "I'll lay on a lorry," he doesn't mean he's going for a nap. That's his way of saying, "I'll go rustle up a truck." He's pretty good at verbal short cuts.

After you talk a while you find that, although he's pretty well up on his British Isles and has a speaking acquaintance with the rest of the Empire, he knows less than a Brooklynite about the outside world. He's not quite certain whether Alaska is one of the 48 states of the Union or whether the Grand Canyon is the title of a Hollywood film. And he wants to know if all our girls are like the movie stars.

You try to learn something about his country and soon find he hasn't the average American's yen for politics. He's just not interested in the doings of his or anybody else's statesmen.

He wants to get on with his job. But he'll open up on the subject of football or his home town or his neighborhood beer joint.

He's a good cook. He can take some tin cans, a pile of sand and a pint of gas, and do swell things to a can of bully or M & V. And he is a wow at brewing tea, which he can prepare and drink while you think that there isn't time.

He's kind-hearted. He shows that in his dealings with the inhabitants of any country in which war places him. In the desert he'll take time to give biscuits and bully to a needy Arab, and he'll take in any pie-dog that hangs around his bivvy for more than five minutes.

He won't take "bastard" from you, not even if you smile. It's just not done in his Army. But you can call him a "bugger" and he'll give you no more than a chuck in the ribs or an American "goose" he's learned to administer.

A Highlander of the British Eighth Army rides a Bren gun carrier.

He's not worried about sex to the extent of letting it get him down. He hasn't the Ities' mobile passion; rather, he's marking time for better days. But, given the chance, he's handy with his nights off.

For a man who hails from a verdant land, he takes to the desert uncommonly well. A quart of water will, if necessary, last him for two days. But even when water is plentiful you never see him take a drink of it straight, no matter how much you watch him. His tea and his beer—when he can get it—evidently provide enough liquid for his system. He can go for hours without sleep and not show it. When he does get a chance for some shuteye, he doesn't appear really to relish it. He just disappears into his bivvy and emerges several hours later looking no better—or worse—for his rest.

Watching him soak up his arid hardship, you get a first impression that nothing could ruffle his military calm.

Which is correct so long as you don't try to chisel him out of his rights. But try to put anything over on him, and you have a righteous uproar on your hands. In the desert, for example, a man's bivvy is his castle and shall not be invaded. You can't turn him out of it, but he'll step outside any night of the week and give you his bed if you're in a jam.

He writes reams of bad poetry on two subjects, home and the desert, which he promptly mails to his service paper.

The poems about Britain are noble and nostalgic; the poems about the desert are not usually complimentary to that section of the earth. Both types carry on in a rather bumpy meter guaranteed to leave his editor with a headache. When not writing a poem, he's writing a letter to find out why his last one wasn't used.

He's brave under fire. He doesn't dash to the top of the rise among the bullets to wave a Union Jack in Jerry's face. His is a calm valor, as displayed by the member of the Durham Light Infantry who stayed by his gun with one arm blown off and fired on till he fell dead.

He's brave with a bullet in his guts or a leg left behind. If the pain gets too great, he breaks down like any man will, but you have to lean close to hear it. Recently a hospital orderly picked up a letter to mail for a wounded man. It read: "Dear Dad: I'm knocked about a bit, but I'll be all right. Don't worry." That guy had an arm off and an eye out. Tommy's like that.

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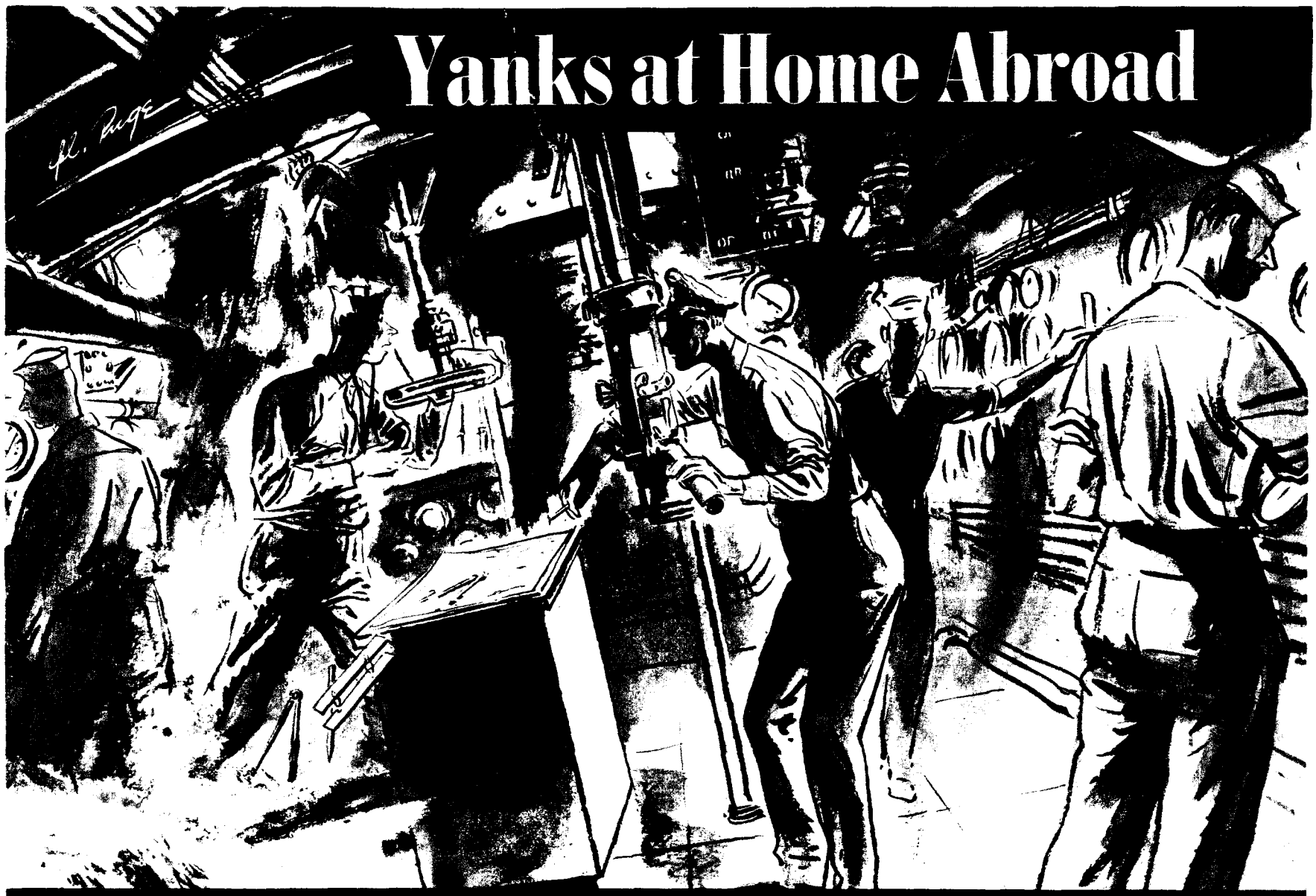
Yanks at Home Abroad



'MR. FOX GOT UP ABOUT THAT TIME AND TOOK A SIGHT THROUGH THE PERISCOPE. 'JESUS CHRIST, TWO JAP CRUISERS,' HE YELLED. WE THOUGHT HE WAS KIDDING.'

Submarine Sailors Describe Their Recent Journey Along the Shores of Japan

By Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

A PACIFIC PORT—"We had submerged to about 60 feet when the first depth charge crashed. Lt. Whitaker was sitting in the control room singing. Every time a charge went off, he'd stop singing, look up and say, 'Throw another one, you sons of bitches. You missed that time.'

"The explosions came closer and closer, with the Japs heaving ashcans all around us. We just squatted there and took it. Eighteen depth charges fell in all; I know, I counted them. Our sub shivered and the light bulbs shattered when one charge fell damn close. At last the destroyers lost contact and moved on. That attack lasted 22 minutes."

That was George F. Smith SM1c of Akron, Ohio, describing his recent journey to Japan. Smith is a member of the crew from a U. S. Navy submarine which has four Jap flags painted on its conning tower, representing the destruction of an enemy heavy cruiser, a destroyer and two merchant ships. But in order to hit that jackpot, the American underseas boat had to sweat out three very close encounters with the Japanese Navy.

The particular close call Smith was referring to occurred after his sub, under the command of Lt. R. T. Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., nosed into a formation of seven Jap destroyers. The Americans drew a bead on the leading destroyer and blew her apart with a torpedo blast from a difficult 30-degree angle. Then the other destroyers streaked down on the bubble-charged path of the submarine and the fun began. Chief Torpedoman E. A. Duva of Altoona, Pa., picked up where Smith left off:

"No one likes depth charges exploding around him. If he says otherwise, he is either a damned fool or a damned liar.

"During the attack, some of our crew prayed while others just sweated it out. After the destroyers left, we relaxed. The smoking light was switched on, and the skipper passed down the word that we could smoke one cigarette only."

But that was nothing compared with the jam they got into the following day, as recalled by Smith:

"Our air-induction valve went flooey when we made a dive. The air pipes filled up with about 7,000 pounds of water, which shot all over the engines and the ship. We tried to make repairs on the surface but had to quit when daylight forced us to dive.

"We were below the surface trying to stop the water when we heard a commotion. Lt. Whitaker brought the sub up to periscope depth. The horizon was thick with Jap ships; five destroyers were coming right at us. He yelled, 'Down periscope. The whole Jap Navy is on our tails.'

"We immediately submerged and, with water pouring in on us, couldn't attack them. The destroyers went right over us, never even spotting us. That night we surfaced and fixed the valve with anything we could find. Our prayers were answered when it held."

One fight with the Jap cruiser was exciting enough to satisfy Boatswain D. B. Erico of Newark, N. J.

"We were all sitting around taking it easy one day," he said. "And we were talking about what we'd do if we saw a Jap warship. Mr. Fox (Lt. Roderick Fox of Milwaukee, Wis.) got up about that time and took a sight through the periscope. 'Jesus Christ, two Jap cruisers,' he yelled.

"We thought he was kidding, but when he ordered us to call the captain, we figured he was serious. When he rang the battle-stations signal, we knew it. We shot four torpedoes and sank one of the cruisers. She took a nose dive in seven minutes. I pushed the firing button during this action."

Another experience was described by Lt. Fox: "A Jap freighter crossed our sights. We fired a brace of torpedoes at her, and two of them hit, blowing the ship in half. But that didn't finish our action for the day. We had started to submerge when a Jap plane spotted us and dropped what felt like a 500-pound bomb on us. The explosion tore one of the main hatch dogs off and flooded the conning tower. It also broke our gauges and knocked out our steering and stern diving plates. We went down at a sharp angle by the head. Finally, we got her under control and got out of there.

"Capt. Moore (Lt. Comdr. J. R. Moore of Tennessee, one-time commander of this boat) was on the bridge that night right after we surfaced.

Sentimental Sergeant

ENGLAND—Two blind beggars walked a London street, one singing in a broken treble, the other playing the violin. Leading them was a wizened little man who held out his hat for alms. But there was mist in the air, and Jerry was somewhere up in the dismal sky. An alert sounded and people had no time for beggars.

A big American top kick dropped a coin in the empty hat. Then he took up a position alongside the beggars, his legs spread apart. There were plenty of GIs in that part of London, and every one of them had sense enough to respect the top kick, who stood there throwing a parade-ground scowl at every U. S. soldier who passed.

In 45 minutes the beggar's hat was filled with sixpence and shilling pieces.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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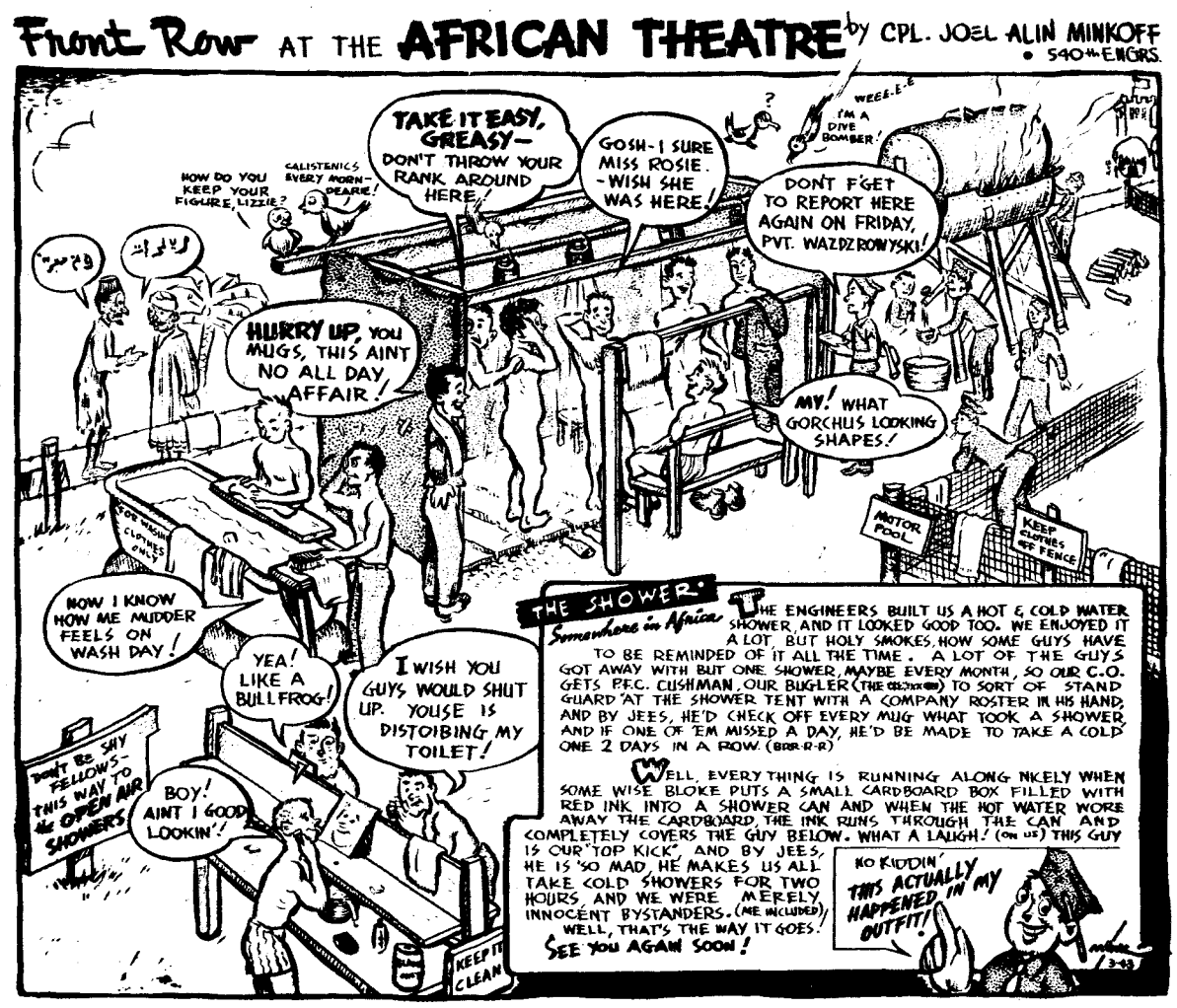
We were talking about fear and the theory that your whole life flashes in front of you just before you die. He turned to Smith and said, 'I don't know about you, but just as we started to surface today I was getting out of high school'."

Lt. H. K. Hauman, 32, of Frankfort, Ky., in command of another sub that has been giving the Japs a thrashing, told of action he'd seen: "We were patrolling when our sound detector picked up the vibrations of ships on the surface. We thrust up our periscope and saw three Jap destroyers. We fired at the nearest one, then submerged. While submerging, we heard an explosion and knew we had scored a hit. One destroyer was probably sunk, but we couldn't confirm this for the other two raced over and started dropping depth charges.

"Another time when we were on patrol, a Jap sub, which had been in ambush, let go two torpedoes at us when we were on the surface. Both missed but came so close the men on deck could smell the exhaust. The next night when we were surfaced some Jap planes came out of the clouds and let us have it with bombs and machine guns, but they all missed. Two nights later, we contacted another Jap sub and played tag with it most of the night, neither of us being able to get into a good firing position. Those games of tag in the dark tend to pile the years on you fast, because the first ship that makes a mistake is 'it'."

The crews also told a few on the humorous side. One such was recalled by J. F. Stenger GM3c of Queens, L. I.:

"Our sub was surfaced, and I was on bridge watch with Lt. Fox and Signalman Jackson (of Houston, Tex.). Up out of the haze came an enemy destroyer. The three of us went down the hatch for a crash dive, and Mr. Fox caught his pants and couldn't get them loose. But Jackson landed right on top of him and tore the pants free. They both piled up on deck."



A Colonel With an Itch for Action Hitchhikes His Men Overseas

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND [By Cable] — The Umpty-Umpth Regiment of Engineers doesn't have any bulldozers, pile drivers or heavy equipment, and if the truth must be known, not even a change of underwear. All the poor devils have to call their own is a piano, about 2,000 books and enough fresh fruit to outfit a California roadside stand for the Sunday traffic.

The whole business was the Army's fault in the first place. This regiment is commanded by Col. Harry Hulen. The colonel got so damned sick and tired of waiting on a U.S. dock that he hitchhiked the whole blasted outfit across the ocean.

In the last war, Col. Hulen's command got as far as a port of embarkation three different times, only to have its sailing orders revoked. Things like that brown a man off, as the English say, and when the present conflict came along Col. Hulen set his jaw and said, "It ain't going to happen again."

It did, though. The regiment reached the port of embarkation, to discover that only one battalion was under orders to sail. The rest of the regiment was to wait for a future convoy.

Col. Hulen is a reasonably profane man, as might be expected of a good citizen of Jackson, Miss. He took a little walk to see the port authorities. "Why in the hell," he exploded, "can't all my men go on this convoy?"

"Oh," the port authorities said, "there isn't room."

"No room at all?"

"No room at all, honest."

Col. Hulen took another walk. He looked over the vessels that were making up for a convoy. He went aboard some of the vessels, and in four ships he found room enough for his whole regiment, except for one company. Back he went to his outfit.

"Okay, boys," he announced. "We are going overseas. But you'll have to do exactly as I say."

What Col. Hulen said was that they were to leave everything they owned behind and get aboard those ships, all except one forsaken company that was left in charge of the regiment's entire gear. He marched his men aboard as pretty as you please.

Unfortunately the colonel hadn't found any place for himself. But on investigation he discovered that the officer in charge of the ship was another colonel whom, happily, Col. Hulen outranked by several years of service. He also discovered a lot of nurses aboard, and where there are nurses there are bound to be second lieutenants, easily outranked by a colonel. So Col. Hulen moved into the quarters reserved for the officer in charge and just figured the other colonel made out all right. There was no grumbling, anyway.

The only obstacle now was the ship's captain, and that meant Navy. But Col. Hulen was up to that. The ship's skipper was a very unhappy man. He had not been in port long enough to get everything shipshape. Now, Army Engineers are a peculiar lot—they get fidgety with time on their hands. Before long they were repairing and changing things. They overhauled the steam system. Then they remodeled the mess hall. The skipper was the happiest man in the world. He wasn't going to report stowaways when he was getting all that work out of them.

He hunted up Col. Hulen and told him: "That's the nicest bunch of boys I ever met. Just take what you want."

Inasmuch as Col. Hulen already had done just that, he thanked the skipper kindly and took with him when he left the ship one piano, 2,000 books and the ship's entire store of fresh fruit.

That's the kind of a gent Col. Hulen is.

The men of the regiment were not at all surprised. They had seen their colonel in action before. Such as the time during training in Florida when he decided they should have some shade, and transplanted a lot of palm trees. The trees wouldn't take root on the beach, however, and withered off into an ugly brown.

Col. Hulen was not at all chagrined. He just ordered his boys out with cans of green paint and restored the palm trees to their proper color.

—Sgt. BILL RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

MEDICAL JUNGLE KIT. U. S. troops engaging in jungle warfare are being issued the kit shown in these two photos. It consists of five metal containers holding remedial agents most commonly required in the jungle. It is intended for emergency use only by a man isolated from his unit. Thorough instruction in the use of the various containers is given when the kits are issued to the men.

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If You Freeze Your B—eard Off You're Eligible for This Alaska Club

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Soldiers along this route have started a new GI fraternity—the 70-Below Club.

Membership requires that you must have "served" outdoors at least long enough to read the thermometer when the mercury has shriveled to minus 70 or lower. Each camp has its own small branch chapter. Honorary memberships are open to those who have experienced a mere 60 below zero, provided they can show an ear, finger or toe frozen to disfigurement.

However, no new memberships are expected for a few months, since spring has finally spread a damp green blanket over the row of air bases on the Army's Alaska supply line. And the dogfaces, like bears, have emerged from under the fur caps and sheepskin parkas of their winter hibernation.

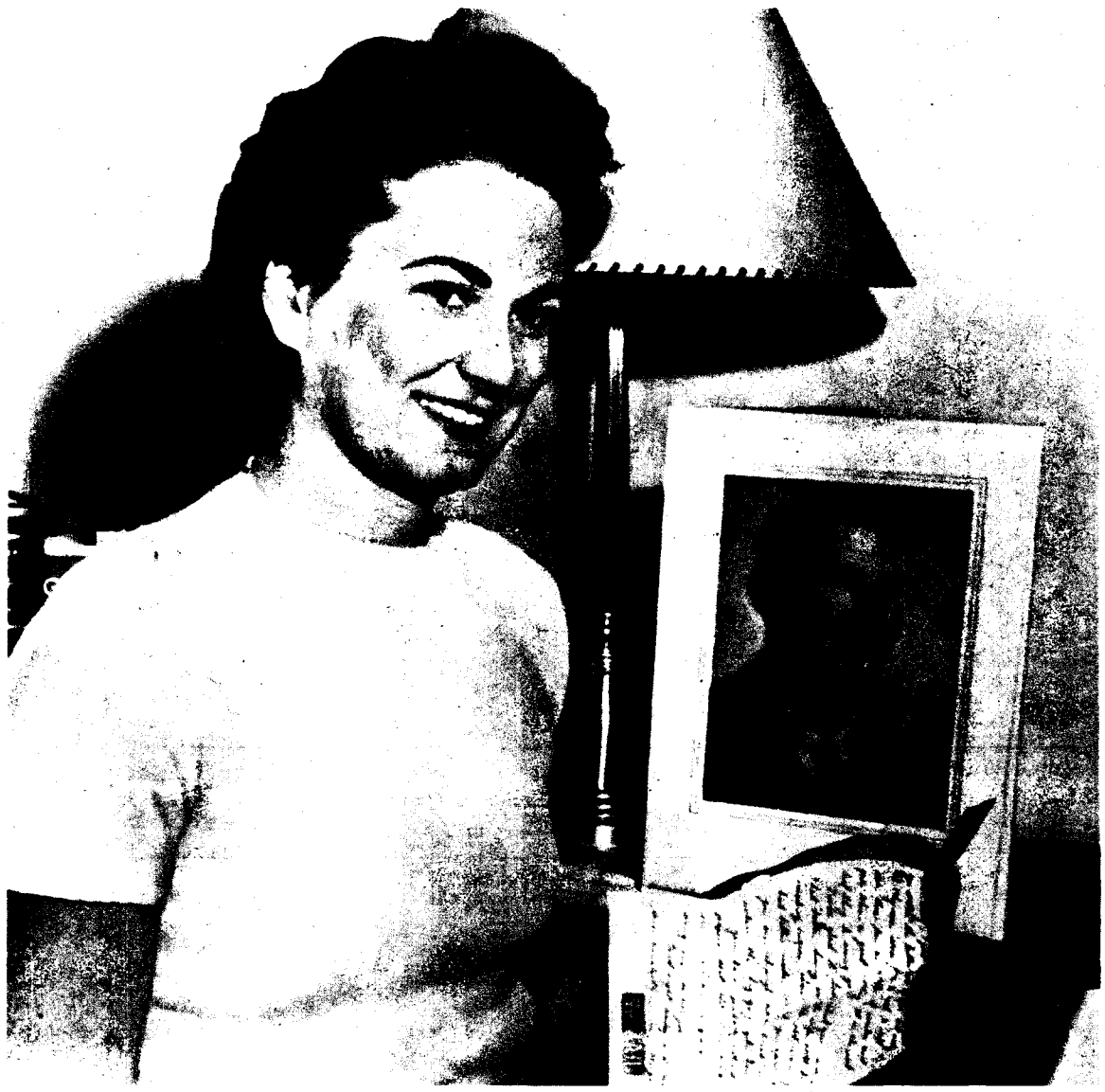
KP is a tough assignment in camps like these, but there's a far more rugged detail—fire guard. That's the job of trudging through the night from hut to hut to keep flame alive in the long boiler-like wood stoves.

Freezing to death in your sleep is one of the most tempting ways to die. It's so much easier just to snail up in your sack, wishing to hell someone else would pitch another log on the fire, than to get up yourself. Then the next time you fall asleep, you don't wake up. That's why there are fire guards.

Pfc. John Armstrong of Muncie, Ind., emerging from his second hibernation as the snow began to melt this year, couldn't make up his mind whether he was glad the Arctic winter had ended.

"Soon the damn midnight sun will be out all night," he complained, "so a guy can never get a decent sleep. There's always something wrong with the weather up here."

—Sgt. GEORG MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent



In San Francisco, the wife of S/Sgt. Ben Warmer sits next to a picture of the hero as she reads his letter.

Fortress Gunner Downs 7 Nazi Planes—Biggest Single Mediterranean Score

NORTH AFRICA—Ben Warmer knew there was something he was supposed to do that day, but he couldn't quite remember what.

He brushed aside these disturbing thoughts to take his place as waist gunner in one of 30 Flying Fortresses setting out for a raid on Gerbini, Sicily, from this North African airfield.

It was some time later, as he watched a seventh German fighter plane plunge in flames from the fire of his machine guns, that Warmer remembered:

This was his seventh wedding anniversary, and he wanted to write a letter to his wife.

S/Sgt. Benjamin F. Warmer 3d of San Francisco, Calif., set a record for the Mediterranean theater in getting the seven Messerschmitts, the biggest bag by a single gunner on any one combat mission. He has been cited previously for shooting down two German fighter planes over Naples.

Not only in marksmanship but in physique, Warmer is one of the biggest gunners in North Africa, standing 6 feet 6 inches and weighing 275 pounds. His crewmates complain that he "overbalances the Fortress," but considering his sharpshooting, they admit they don't mind having him along.

Warmer's seven kills were chalked up in one of the most savage battles of the Mediterranean air war, when the 30 Fortresses were jumped by more than 100 Axis fighters, mostly Messerschmitts. The duel, fought over the Gerbini airdrome, which the American bombers rocked with tons of explosives, lasted less than 15 minutes. When it was over, 41 enemy fighters had been wiped out, at a cost of three B-17s.

Other gunners on Warmer's ship accounted for six fighters, raising that particular Fortress' score to 13 enemy craft, the highest in any single engagement in the Mediterranean theater. A third record was established in the total number of Axis planes downed in the raid, 41 being the top bag ever claimed by any single Fortress formation in this area.

In a simple explanation of his feat, Warmer said: "They came at me and I bagged them as fast as they came. We were five minutes off the target when I saw a Messerschmitt 110 hanging out of a group of 24 others attacking one of our crippled aircraft. He came in at us off the right wing at about our level. I pumped away and saw him burst into flames."

The rest of Warmer's bag were Messerschmitt 109s. "The second ship on which I trained my guns," he said, "came in just in front of the right wing. He went into a banking turn and started smoking, and the pilot bailed out. Another aircraft peeled off below and I pumped about 25 rounds at him. He bailed out, too."

Warmer was "just getting warmed up now." He sighted a German fighter making for a crippled Fortress. "I picked him up as he was making a turn to run the gantlet between our elements," he said. "I forced him all the way down under the tail. He stalled, smoked, started leafing down and then crashed."

No. 5 was the easiest of the lot. The enemy plane came in toward the right of Warmer's Fortress. "He started smoking, turned out of my fire and went down," the towering gunner said. Sgt. E. R. Worthy of Eldon, Mo., who got three fighters on his own account, saw this plane fall.

"My sixth came at us from the front," Warmer said. "I got him in my sights, then let go about 20 rounds and saw him spiral to earth in a cloud of smoke."

By this time Warmer had draped belts of .50 caliber ammunition over his shoulders. His ammunition box was empty, and if he'd reloaded it in orthodox fashion, "I'd have missed my last two Jerries."

The seventh victim came at the Fortress from below and to the right of the tail. "He swung in front of my gun position," Warmer said. "I gave him 22 rounds as he passed. He broke off and went into a vertical dive."

"It was like picking off ducks," Warmer said after the mission. "I think we are quite capable of handling them the same way every time if it becomes necessary. But I don't think they can stand it. In fact, I doubt if they ever had a worse beating than they received today."

Col. Fay Upthegrove of Olean, N. Y., who led Warmer's flight, commented on the battle. "The Jerries weren't amateurish today," he said. "Sure, they paid for it, but it was the most aggressive show I've ever seen them put on. They headed in from all directions, though if their purpose was to break up our formation or defer the bombing they failed miserably. The bombing was good."

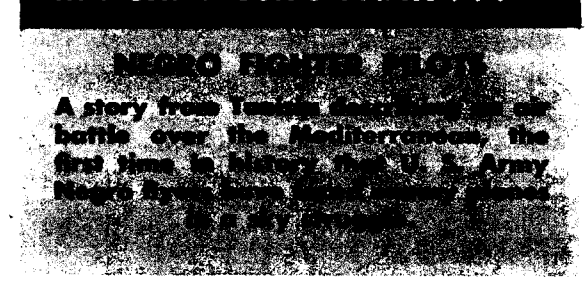
Warmer was an all-around athlete at the University of California, from which he was graduated in 1937. He played football for the Bears until an injury forced him off the gridiron, and kept right on competing in track and boxing after that.

As a member of the uniformed armed-guard service (secret service) of the U. S. Treasury in 1940, he was bodyguard for Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau.

Warmer enlisted in April 1942. Too big to be fitted into available ODs, he was made a physical-training instructor because the supply sergeant happened to have an oversize pair of shorts and some extra-large shoes. Later he became a gunnery-range instructor at Sheppard Field, Tex.

Before the war Warmer won a prize for making a parachute jump at a county fair. That experience came in handy in May when he was ordered to bail out over Algeria.

In Next Week's YANK . . .



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CPL. DONALD H. CRANDALL, one of Hollywood's top designers before the war, held a reserve commission in the Engineers until 1935. Enlisting as a camouflage expert, he was sent to Combat Engineers OCS but washed out because of "physical condition." Now he is an expert instructor in camouflage and hasty fortifications, will probably be sent overseas soon.

So You Washed Out of OCS?

Overseas training centers give "failures" another chance to fit themselves into positions of leadership and usefulness.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo.—So you washed out of OCS.

All right. According to the formula, you now report to your new assignment or to an overseas pool, such as the Air Forces Overseas Training Center here at Jefferson Barracks, feeling low and useless and ready to carve out a slit trench with your teeth.

You sulk through lectures; you resent the restrictions and the rugged physical training. You're convinced that you got a raw deal in OCS. You feel that you were sent to the wrong school, or you were discriminated against because of your background or the branch of the service you came from. You feel that the Army doesn't want to have anything more to do with you and you certainly don't want to have anything to do with the Army. In short, at this stage you're a pretty sorry mess of a soldier.

Either one of two things can now happen:

You can continue to act in the above-named manner, contaminating not only yourself but the more susceptible men in your outfit as well.

Or you can snap out of it and get yourself another chance—*with* the aid of the Army.

Recently, Pvt. Remy DeVarenne came to Jefferson Barracks, an OCS wash-out. Before the war, DeVarenne had been a promising opera singer. He was under contract to Edward Johnson to make his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York at the start of the 1942 season. Instead he enlisted.

DeVarenne sang his way through the Army. He sang on detail, on KP, in camp shows. He rattled the windows of latrines with his power-

1ST SGT. JAMES FINLAY, in the Army 12 years, fought through Pearl Harbor and two other major actions as a communications sergeant before applying for Signal Corps OCS. Sent to Infantry OCS instead, he resigned the first day. Now he wants to go overseas and get into action again as a communications man.

CPL. FRANCIS J. LECLAIR, a medical student before the war, washed out of Medical Administration OCS. Now he's coordinator of medical and chemical warfare lectures, with 15 lecturers working under him. Cpl. LeClair will probably be sent back to finish medical school under the Army Specialized Training Program and will then receive his commission as a full-fledged Army doctor.

SGT. [illegible] PATRICK, [illegible] OCS, he [illegible] drawing [illegible] aids for [illegible] lectures. [illegible] by his purely academic failure, Sgt. Patrick [illegible] to be shipped and will apply for an OCS [illegible]

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ful French tenor. Then OCS—and academic failure. DeVarenne came to Jefferson Barracks. He didn't feel like singing any more. For weeks he walked around in a daze, completely beaten.

One day his squadron commander sent him to the Special Service officer on detail. The Special Service officer talked music, then asked DeVarenne to sing with the orchestra. Hesitantly, DeVarenne sang a French folk song, then got warmed up. Soon he was putting everything into an aria from "Carmen." A few minutes later, the classification officer, who had been listening, came up to him. "Where did you learn to speak French like that?" he asked. "It's my native tongue," said DeVarenne. "Come into my office tomorrow," said the classification officer.

The next day the classification officer listened to the details of DeVarenne's failure in mathematics at OCS, asked him to fill out an application for another OCS where DeVarenne's knowledge of French and other languages was sorely needed. Today, Remy DeVarenne, OCS wash-out, probably is a lieutenant overseas.

This, of course, is an unusual case, but it is indicative of the attempt the Army is making to get these men back into their proper places. It is almost a matter of rehabilitation.

SHORTLY after an OCS wash-out arrives here at Jefferson Barracks, he is given a furlough. During his period of orientation, he is not actually restricted to the post, but is taken to see ball games, burlesque shows and the like in St. Louis—an effective process for keeping his mind from self-pity. Gradually, he settles down to work. Unless he is an easily rusting radio operator, he is kept away from his specialty altogether. His training here is designed largely to teach him basic infantry weapons and to harden him physically for possible overseas duty. Too many of our technicians have been found to know too little about soldiering.

This is the toughest period for the OCS wash-out. He drills, runs obstacle courses, feels degraded and has plenty of time to think. One sergeant got up in the middle of a sex lecture and made the classic remark, "What kind of prophylactic do I use after what happened to me at OCS?" Another, Sgt. William Richardson, who had been cited for bravery at Pearl Harbor and wounded in both legs over Midway, unconsciously drew crude, bitter OCS cartoons during lectures on weapons by pfc. instructors. It's not so easy to get failure and hopelessness off your mind.

This is where intelligent handling comes in. Maj. Curtis I. Pullig, wing commander in charge of training, speaks to each class, asks the OCS wash-outs to hold up their hands and then addresses them directly. "You men," he says, "are the leaders of this group—otherwise you never even would have been *selected* to go to OCS. Something happened down there at school to mess you up. But you're like a cork in a tub of water. No matter how deep you're pushed under the surface, that leadership quality in you is going to pop you to the surface again. Nothing is going to hold you down, and you've all got a fine job to do yet in this Army—a lot of you as officers."

This takes the 500 or so wash-outs by surprise. They lose their listless look and sit bolt upright. Within a few days, nearly all of them have been in to see Maj. Pullig personally. Each man discusses in detail his own personal problem and grievance. Maj. Pullig, a lanky, astute ex-school teacher from Arkansas, estimates that these conferences take up fully one-third of all his time. It's the same with the other wing and squadron commanders, but this work ranks as the most important they have to do. The classification officer is always standing by for consultation.

In addition to getting things off your chest, here is what you find out about your future in these conferences.

1. You can apply for OCS again. If the classification officer finds irregularities in your record or outstanding qualifications for any school on the hot list, you actually will be rushed through the local OCS Board because of the fact that you have been selected for leadership once before. In most cases, however, when you apply yourself, there will be no time for your application to go through channels, and chances are you will be shipped before being assigned to another school.

2. If you are shipped, you can apply for OCS overseas. Each commanding general has set up schools in his theater of operations, and they are accepting men now at a faster rate than the schools in the United States, which have been drastically cut down. Here, too, the fact that you have already been selected for leadership by one board greases the way with another—provided, of course, the reason for your failure doesn't ballax you up.

3. You can be commissioned directly in the field. This is a fairly common occurrence overseas, and if you develop into a crack specialist, come up with some outstanding achievement, or wind up a hero in action, the fact that you attended OCS will weigh heavily in your favor.

Or you can remain an enlisted man at a job you like. After a wash-out finishes his training at the overseas pool, every attempt is made to get him back to the work he likes and does best—even while he's here. Thus, supply clerks become supply clerks again, mechanics become mechanics, and specialists in weapons and camouflage become instructors in their favorite subjects. It's amazing how soon you can get over failure when you're doing something useful and interesting. By the same token, when you get back in the saddle as a gunner or radio operator or tank commander overseas, it isn't long before you lose yourself in your work and say, "what the hell!" After all, there are some pretty nice guys who are enlisted men, too.

Sgt. Tom Damico, former New York newspaperman and Armored Force OCS wash-out, summed up the situation perfectly. "No man who washed out of OCS ever lost anything," he said. "Once he gets straightened out, he's a better soldier than he ever was before, he knows how to keep from getting killed, and he certainly knows how to take it—both mentally and physically. That's the kind of guy who comes home with medals."

SGT. WALTER L. HAFER was a good supply sergeant before washing out of Antiaircraft OCS for a failure in advanced mathematics. Now he has been reassigned to the work he knows and likes best. Sgt. Hafer is slated to go to Quartermaster OCS as soon as an opening occurs. It will suit him better and he is convinced he'll make the grade this time.

CPL. LYNN H. CAMPBELL of Chicago, Ill., washed out of Armored Force OCS, where he was sent after applying for Air Force Administration. A musician in civilian life, his hobby was guns and he had been instructor in weapons for nearly all of his 1½ years in the Army. Now he's back instructing again in weapons and demolition at Jefferson Barracks, likes it and has no regrets.

SGT. DAVID SCHLEIFER [illegible] was a crack Special [illegible] sent to Quartermaster [illegible] of age (he has a [illegible]). Schleifer is happy now as [illegible] gun[illegible] for the [illegible]

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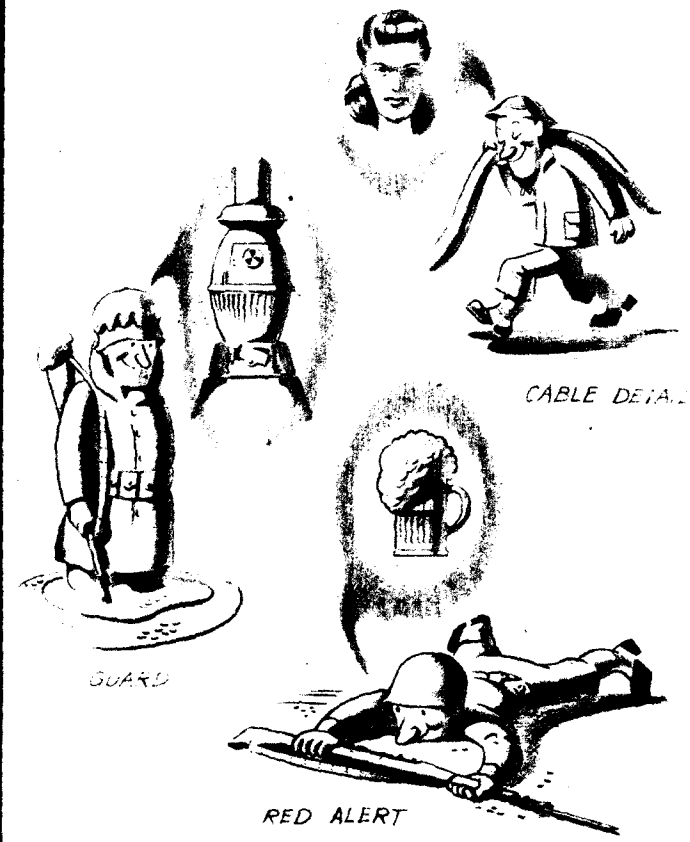
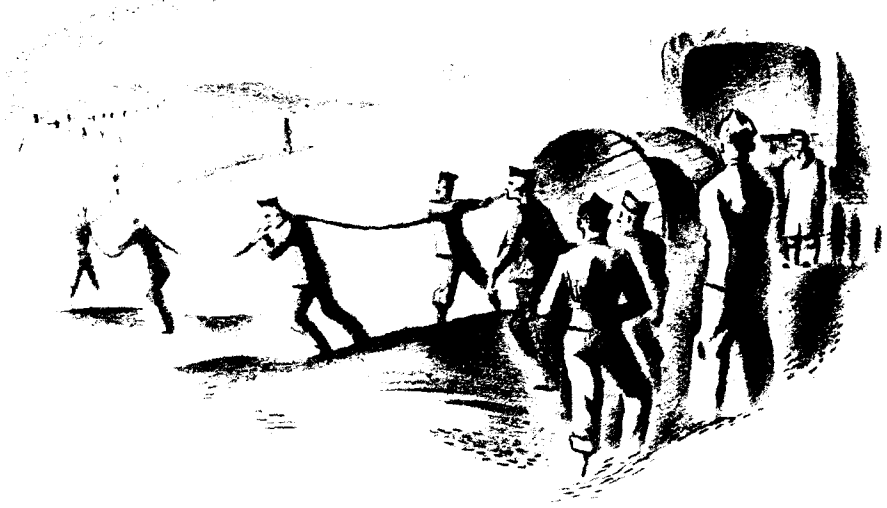
Guard Duty



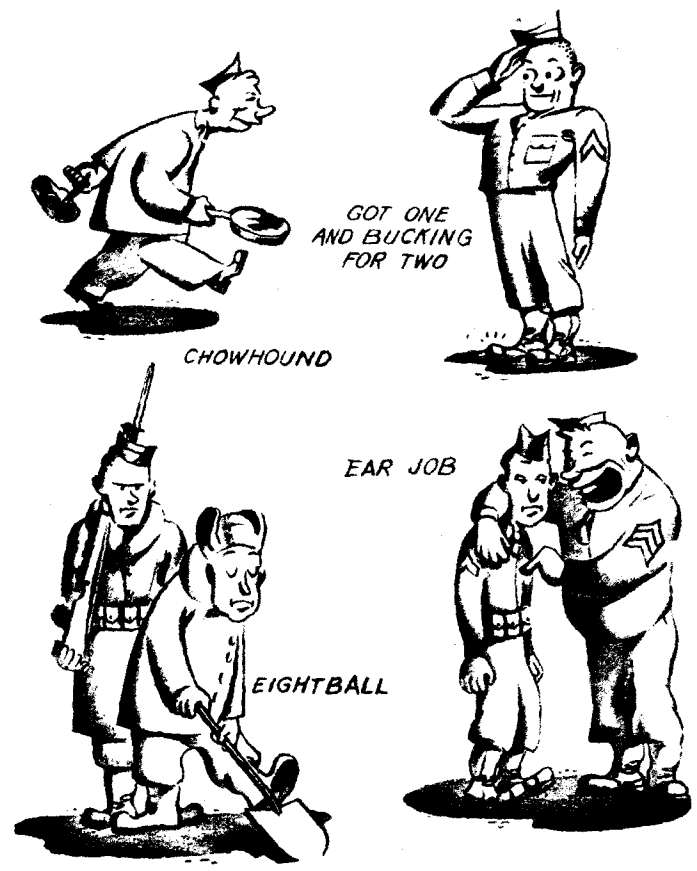
Day Dreams

NORTH ATLANTIC BASE

T-4 Harrison Stanley takes his pencil and sketch pad in hand and gives his impressions of Army life on a strategic island that guards the convoy route to Europe.



Laying a Cable Line



GI Types

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Foreign-Service Ribbons

THE other day we ran into a guy whom we had not seen since basic training, one of those characters who went on sick call whenever the rest of us had to take a 12-mile hike. We asked how he was doing and he said fine. He was enjoying a soft job in a permanent cadre at some training camp in the West.

"Then where did you get this?" we asked, pointing a finger at the bright American Theater overseas-service ribbon which was pinned as big as life to the breast of his sun-tan shirt, beside a Before Pearl Harbor ribbon, a Good Conduct ribbon, a couple of marksmanship medals and a shining whistle, complete with brass chain—although he was only a T-5 and certainly needed no whistle in his official duties in the allotment and life-insurance division of the personnel office.

"Oh, that," he said casually. "I had some foreign service for a while back in April."

"Where?" we asked. "The Caribbean or Greenland?"

"Canada," he said quickly. "By the way, do you ever hear from Ray Bell? I heard he—."

But we didn't let him change the subject. "What part of Canada?" we asked "How long were you up there?"

"Well, I was only there a day or so," he muttered, looking around for the nearest exit. "Had to go through there on a troop-train assignment." Then he stammered something about catching a bus and got the hell out of there fast before we could ask him any more questions.

All of which reminds us that it's about time the Army took drastic steps to keep foreign-service ribbons off the chests of GIs who are not entitled to wear them.

A brief visit outside the boundaries of the continental U. S. on a troop train or furlough doesn't give you the right to wear the same American Theater decoration as the men who are sweating it out in Panama, Trinidad, Greenland or South America. An overnight stop in Iceland or England isn't sufficient reason to plaster a European-African ribbon on your uniform.

A soldier is not entitled to wear the foreign-service ribbon of any theater unless he is officially attached to a unit in that particular area and has such duty entered on his service record.

We don't like to cramp the style of the USO commandos who have been using the pretty colors of the foreign-service ribbons to impress innocent hostesses and bartenders. But something has to be done because overseas decorations, especially the American Theater ribbon, are getting so plentiful that they don't mean anything. Everybody in uniform except the policemen and firemen seems to wear them these days.

"Tell me more about this hara kiri."

—Pfc. J. N. Faber, New Guinea

STRICTLY GI

Ratings in the ASTP

ARMY privates who are taking the Army Specialized Training Program will be promoted to pfc. when they move up from the basic to the advanced phase of the program, says the WD. Privates who are assigned directly to the advanced phase without taking the basic will also be advanced to pfc. Men in higher grades will retain their rank and pay when assigned to the advanced phase.

APO Package Regulations

For the benefit of soldiers overseas who still aren't familiar with the latest postal regulations, here's the dope. (And it might be a good idea to pass on the information to the folks back home.) Soldiers stationed overseas do *not* have to get permission of their CO to receive a package from home. But the sender has to show the post office the soldier's request and the envelope containing his canceled APO number. Packages cannot weigh more than 5 pounds, and must be less than 15 inches long and less than 36 inches in length and girth combined. Not more than one such package will be accepted for mailing in any single week from the same person to the same soldier.

Sea Sickness Capsule

Army physicians of the Engineer Amphibian Command have developed a capsule that is guaranteed to prevent sea sickness. The capsule, called *Motion Sickness Preventive; U. S. Army, Development Type,* has been used in rough-weather operations off the Cape Cod (Mass.) coast with great success. The soldier gets one capsule a half hour before embarking and another after he embarks. On a long trip he takes another capsule four hours later, and repeats the dose until he is sure he is free from that certain feeling. It is planned to issue these capsules to all soldiers crossing the pond.

New AAF Wing Marking

Here's the new design for wing insignia on Army planes. It has a white star on a circular field of blue, with white rectangles attached horizontally at both sides of the circle. A red border encloses the entire device. This is the second change in the AAF wing marking. It was first a white star against a circular blue background with a red dot in the center of the star. Then the red dot was taken out because it resembled the red dot on Jap planes. Tests proved that the AAF's old design, Japan's red dot and Germany's black cross all resolved into invisibility at the same distance, and that as they came closer all three at first appeared to be a dot. Our new design is visible at 60 percent greater range than those of the Nips and Nazis, and when far away it holds the shape of a long, narrow bar in contrast to the enemy insignia which maintain the appearance of a dot.

GI Shop Talk

The WD has banned the purchase of Sam Browne belts by officers and warrant officers but will permit those who already own such belts to continue wearing them. . . . Present Army induction plans call for only 1½ million more rookies for this entire year as against 3 million last year. . . . Mountain troops are using nylon climbing ropes. They're tougher than manila, wear better and absorb less water. . . . The Army is now running the world's largest movie chain—1,036 theaters with 720,653 seats located at 546 posts. . . . Latest QMC gadgets for guys overseas: "Jungle" matches, waterproof and wax-coated, that will not melt in heat up to 160 degrees; shoe laces that won't mildew; khaki-colored pipe cleaners and match covers for camouflage purposes. . . . Bandages for desert warfare will be camouflaged olive drab. The dye used will not cause infection.

Washington O.P.

SENATORS Lucas of Illinois and Green of Rhode Island have proposed legislation to give overseas GIs the vote by V-mail ballot. The WD hasn't made any recommendations, but some officers point out that a V-mail form would be anything but a secret ballot.

Before taking its regular summer furlough, the Senate approved a bill which would alter the dependency benefits set-up considerably. The bill, which received the nod from the Army and Navy, would increase most allowances around 9.7 percent. Wives without children would continue to get $50, but one child living with its mother would get $16 instead of the $12 now allotted. Also, increased amounts would go to dependent parents, brothers and sisters. Other provisions: the first three grades of EM would get a chance to avail themselves of dependency allowances; the first month's allowance would be on the House (and the Senate), with no contribution from you. Final action on the bill is expected in the fall, when Congress reconvenes.

EM in the U. S. who haven't had a furlough for six months or since being called to active duty can look for a leave before their boat ride. . . . And persons who should know say that we are approaching "a vigorous summer."

—YANK's Washington Bureau

This Week's Cover

ABOARD a transport in the Pacific Ocean, Pfc. James A. Hensley of Carthage, Mo., prepares for life Down Under. For more pictures of life aboard an American troop transport, see pages 12 and 13.

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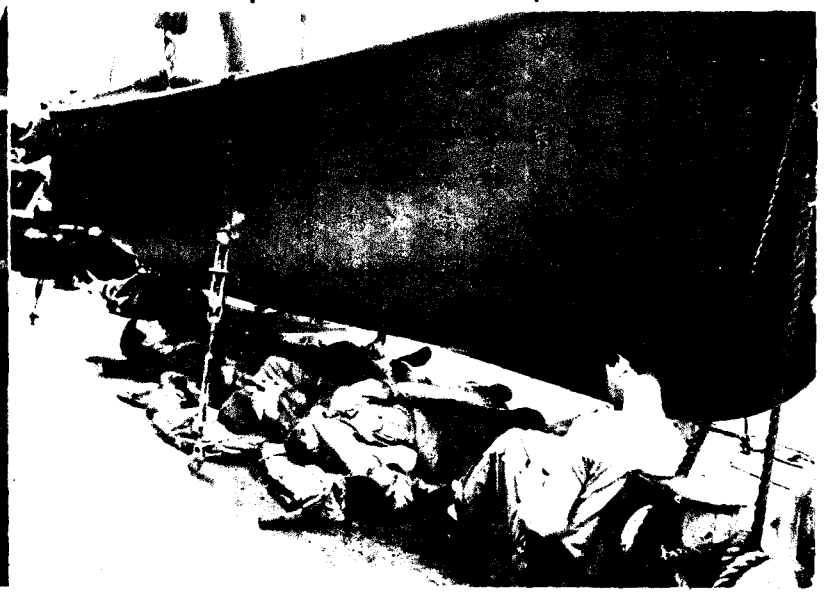
Three pairs of GIs relax in their bunks, stacked together with little room to spare.

One of the chief pastimes aboard a transport is to lean over the r

What the PX looks like on a transport. Don't try to buy too much.

Pfc. Eugene D. Landwehr of Mankato, Minn., cleans up, using his helmet to hold water.



Hiding from a blazing sun under the protecting shadow of a lifeboat, one soldier reads a book while the others rest.

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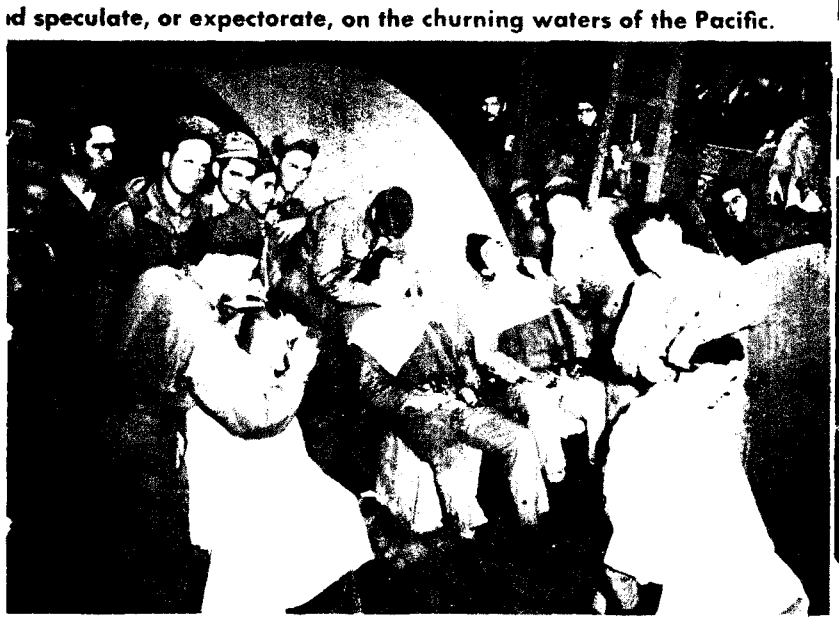
When the sky is most beautiful, at sunset or sunrise, is the time to be most vigilant.

ıd speculate, or expectorate, on the churning waters of the Pacific.

Below decks they clean rifles or sleep a bit.

One of the nightly boxing matches.



There's no lack of barbers or customers at this shop. A hatch cover on the transport makes an ideal location. Prices are low.

Pvt. Morton Ross (the stripes aren't his) gets YANK from librarian S/Sgt. Henry Hudson.

Eating chow at one table in mess hall. Salt air makes 'em hungry.

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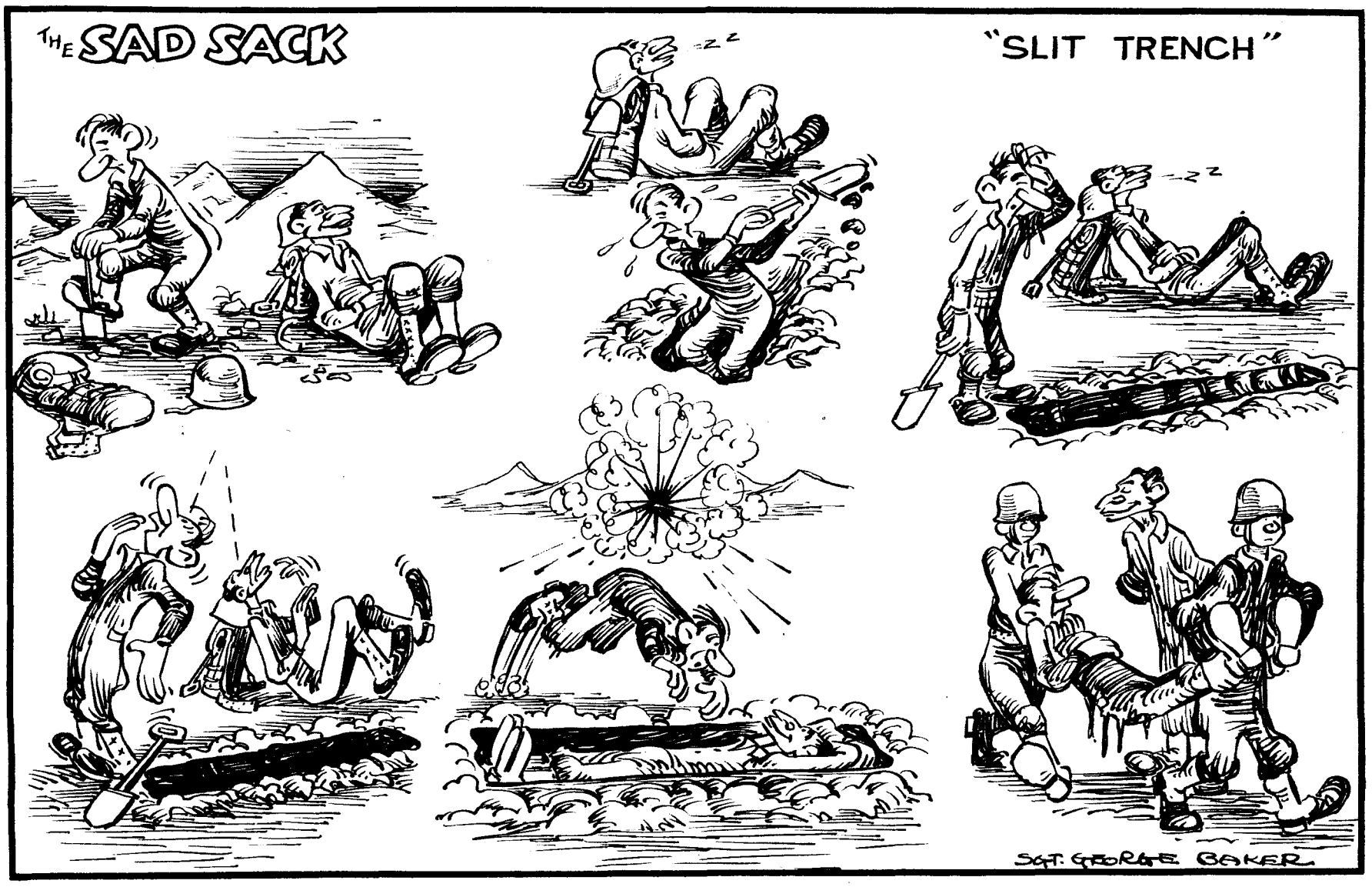

ARTIE THE VISIONARY

"THEY got a new T/O," Artie Greengroin said.

"Where are your stripes?" we wanted to know.

"Shaddup," Artie said. "Thass the trouble with you; you ast too many questions. Past me that paint pot."

Artie was busy painting "Pride of Brooklyn" on the side of his truck, but he didn't look very happy at his work. Artie was, as a matter of fact, very browned off. "Any more T/Os like that," he said sullenly, "and I'm going off over the Alps. I got me pride."

"Sure you have, Artie," we said. "Sure you have."

"I can stand jess so much."

"That's all you can stand, Artie."

Artie spat in the can of paint. "And I can't stand it no more," he said. "I'm taking a action."

"We're all ears," we said.

"I'm cooking up me own army," Artie said.

We coughed politely. "Sounds like treason, old boy," we said.

Artie laid down his paint brush and lit a fag. "Naw, this is strictly legal," he said. "My idea is for a army where nobody is higher than a pfc. Then they'll be none of this worrying about T/Os and things like that."

"Brilliant," we said.

"I been thinking about it for a long time," said Artie. "This lass new T/O is what really got me started. You make everybody a pfc., you don't have nobody worrying when he's going to make corporal. In this gawdam Army every ole bassar around is biting his fingernails wondering when he's going to get kicked up a grade. But if you can't go higher than a pfc. and you're a pfc. to begin with, why, hell, you ain't got no complaint coming."

"If everybody's a pfc.," we said, "you won't have anybody to give the orders."

"Poop on the orders," Artie said. He spat in the can of paint again. "They's too many gawdam orders being given now. Make yer bed is orders. Shine yer shoes is orders. Toin out with yer gas mass wrapped around yer puss is orders. Poop on the orders. Any orders going to be given, I'll give them."

"Think you're up to it, old boy?" we asked.

"Aw, sure ole boy," Artie said. "I been through the mill. I been trun from one end of this Army to the other. The golden rule is my motter. Do unto others what you want done to yourself. I don't want to stand a full field expection, then my army don't stand a full field expection."

"You can sign us up right now," we said.

Artie picked up his paint brush again. "I'm woiking on a uniform design these nights," he said. "As a matter of fack, I got the sketches in me jeans." He reached in the pocket of his fatigues and pulled out a series of drawings which he handed to us.

We studied them for a few minutes. "They're beautiful, Artie," we said.

"The nice thing about me is that I'm humane," Artie said. "Who else would of thought of making a army of pfcs.? Sometimes I get thinking of me station in life, and then I say, 'Artie, ole boy, you got dignity, you got decorum, you got poise, but you oney got one tripe on each sleeve. It's a very uninneresting number,' I say. They's a lot in giving the pfc. his place in life. Awright, he's a noncommissioned orficer. He's got rank to pull. But is he happy? Naw, he ain't happy. He's awways wanting to be a corporal. His efficiency is impaired."

"You speak from experience, ole boy," we said.

"Thass right," Artie said. "So I'm forming the Artie Greengroin Marching and Chowder Club. Every man a pfc."

"How about the pay scale?" we asked.

"Fifty-dollar raise every six months, automatic," Artie said. He had become engrossed in painting the word "Brooklyn" and was talking out of the side of his mouth. "You hang on a few years in the Greengroin army, and you'll be pulling down a lot of jack. And not oney that. I'm planning on a female auxiliary, of a loose sort. I'm lining up dolls right now."

ARTIE stuck out his tongue as he painted an O. "And they won't be no gas-mass drill in this army, no expections, no manual of arms."

"Where's the orderly room going to be?" we asked.

"In the saloon bar of the 'Snort and Whistle' pubs," Artie said. "At the moment I'm whipping me up a set of proposed campaign ribbonds."

"What campaigns?" we asked.

"Beats me, ole boy," said Artie. "They's got to be campaigns. A guy lies down in a bed in England, gets up in the morning and stuffs his guts, he's been in a campaign. He's a ETO campaigner. Wass the reason they shouldn't be a ribbond for every gawdam thing you ever done? When I get through with my army the ribbond situation is going to be very well in hand."

"You mind if we ask a question?" we said.

"Not at all, ole cock," Artie said. "Jess ast me anything."

"Suppose this T/O had come out and you'd found yourself a corporal. Would you still be whipping up this army?"

Artie finished his job, wiped his paint brush on his pants and surveyed the work. "To tell you the actual truth," he said, "if they'd of made me a corporal I'd of turned it down. It would of been setting a trap for me. 'We'll make Greengroin a corporal,' they'd say to themselves, 'and then the bassar can't go around hollering his head off because he's abused.' Aw, I'm on to them rummies. Probably what happen, though, was that mess sergeant come around and said, 'Don't make Greengroin no corporal, because I won't have nobody to kick around.' But whether it was, I would of turned it down. I got me pride."

He picked up his paint pot. "Another thing about this army, they ain't going to be no KP."

"Who's going to wash the dishes?" we asked.

"Hitler," Artie said. "And all by himself, the ole rummy bassar."

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A. T/Sgt. KACHIE AMERKHANIAN, 326th Ftr. Gp., 321th Ftr. Sq., Westover Field, Mass., wants to hear from his friends who were shipped to the Pacific and N. Africa. . . . S/Sgt. JOHN AXLINE wants news from *Clifford Maddox*, who was stationed in Flushing, N. Y., from 1939 to '40. Axline's address: GGPSP, SPAAF, Lubbock, Tex.

B. S/Sgt. JAMIE O. BARNES, Hq. 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga., has news for Lt. *Ryland R. Weisiger* of Blackstone, Va., now with the AAF in India. . . . 2d Lt. THEODORE A. BARTON, DEML Det. SCU 1953, Camp Callan, Calif., wants mail from *Roscoe Coombs*, somewhere in the Navy, and *Robert J. McKinney*, who may be in the 3d Div. Field Artillery.

C. M/Sgt. ROBERT N. CARRINGTON, 49th Opn. Tng. Wg. (M), GAAB, Greenville, S. C., wants news from members of the *20th Pur. Gp. (F)* and *79th Pur. Sq.* who were in those outfits from June 1938 to January 1941. . . . S/Sgt. MILEY R. CRABTREE, Hq. Det. 19th Bomb Gp. (H), AAB, Pyote, Tex., wants to make contact with members of the old *16th Rcn. Sq. Gowen Field, Idaho*. . . .

D. Sgt. R. E. DAVIS, Hq. Co. 1850th SU, Camp Chaffee, Ark., wants news from Pvt. *Paul Meiling*, once with 102d Radio. . . . Pvt. MANNY DIAS wants Cpl. *Joe Moitoza*, in the Marines overseas, to write him at Ad. Sq. No. 67, Clovis, N. Mex. . . . Pvt. GEORGE G. DIMA, AT Co., 397th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C., has lost touch with Pvt. *Eddie D. Montaya*, who was with the 501st Prcht. Inf., when last heard from. . . . S/Sgt. JOSEPH W. DOHERTY wants his brother, *Ed Doherty*, at one time in the 2d AF at Camp Bowie, Tex., to write him at Cl. 43-26, STS No. 6, LVAAF, Las Vegas, Nev.

F. Cpl. JAMES E. FERRIERO, 189th Sig. Rep. Co., Camp Crowder, Miss., wants the address of Pvt. *Anthony F. D'Urso*, who was stationed at Miami Beach, Fla., when last heard from. . . . Pfc. THOMAS H. FLORES wants *Harold Pyle*, last address Fort Devens, Mass., to write him at A/T Co., Freehold, N. J.

G. Sgt. HARRY V. GANT, Co. R, 305 Ord. Regt., North Fort Lewis, Wash., wants to get in touch with his friends who were in *Co. S, 4th Bn., 302 Ord. Regt.* . . . Pfc. NATHAN GECHT wants Pvt. *Raymond Stein*, who was stationed in Florida, to write him at CTI, 1609 SU, Pl. 6 D, Bloomington, Ill. . . . Cpl. R. E. GILLEN wants T/Sgt. *Bill J. Chesbro*, who was at Fort Lewis, Wash., to write him at Hammond Gen. Hosp., Ward C-8, Modesto, Calif.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Kessler *Leister* *Rogers*

Sgt. Bob Kessler of Woonsocket, S. Dak., wants to hear from his old bunk mate and partner in KP, Pvt. Bob McRoberts. Kessler says: "Have been trying to get in touch with you for months. When you see this, don't waste time. Drop me a line at APO 627, New York." . . . From a N. Atlantic base, **M/Sgt. Orville Leister** sends his regards to the men of the old "First" and asks Ehresman, Callahan, and James to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Pvt. Marshall Rogers** of Ray, Ariz., with a Cavalry outfit in Panama, sends this message to his half brother, Pvt. Gordon Folks, Buna: "Be sure and write when you see this. Everyone is fine at home."

Kaplan *Hudson* *Coulihan*

Pvt. Max Kaplan of Brooklyn, N. Y., a medic aboard an Army transport, tells 2d Lt. Herbert Moyer, in the AAF in Arizona: " I lost my hair when we crossed the equator. Hope it will grow so they'll let me in the back room at Hoffman's on Pitkin Avenue after the war." . . . **Pfc. Winfred Hudson** of Mapleton, Maine, now stationed in India, wants to get in touch with his brother, Pvt. Alden Hudson, in N. Africa. If Alden will write to YANK's *Words Across the Sea*, the letter will be forwarded. . . . **Pvt. Jack Coulihan**, at a N. Atlantic base, is anxious to know if Cliff Larkin, roaming around with the Navy, has a girl in every port as yet.

Kenaga *Gibbin* *Tripi*

S/Sgt. Clair D. Kenaga of Boulder Junction, Wis., sends a message from Panama to Pvt. Carroll Ziegler, somewhere in Iceland: "Why haven't I heard from you? Have you gotten cold feet in that climate?" . . . **S/Sgt. John Gibbin** of Jersey City, N. J., wants Sgt. John Spellman and Pfc. John Flynn to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. Gibbin is anxious to know if "Jiggs" really married "The Belle." . . . **T-5 Salvatore Tripi**, once a delicatessen clerk in Brooklyn, N. Y., serves Spam now instead of selling it. He's cooking without gas in Iran and sends an invitation to chow to his prospective brother-in-law, Pvt. Louis Lubrano in Africa.

Shapiro *Lanning* *Reynolds*

Cpl. Morris Shapiro, at a N. Atlantic base, asks Pvt. Martin Kader, somewhere in Africa: "How's the mail and female situation down there? Send complete report." . . . **S/Sgt. Lester W. Lanning** of Nelsonville, Ohio, aboard an Army transport, asks Pvt. John Wintermute in Australia: "Why haven't I heard from you? Are you forwarding your mail by kangaroo pouch?" . . . **Pvt. Mike Reynolds**, with the Signal Corps at a N. Atlantic base, wants to pay up a debt to Mike Prohoff, somewhere on the Pacific Coast. "I still owe you $0.59 which I borrowed in New York," Reynolds says. "Will send the money when I hear from you. Write me c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Company Street [in a June issue of YANK] stated that at Desert Training Center, Calif., 39 pigeons went AWOL because they couldn't stand the heat or the snakes. It is very evident you have been wrongly informed. Being stationed there as loftsman I made a careful check and found that not more than three pigeons have been lost, and this was due more to routine training flights than to heat or snakes. True, the heat here has been most unbearable, but never to the extent of our GI birds going over the hill.

—**Pvt. HARRY SORKIN**

Indio, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I'm one of those unfortunates who graduated from Radio Operators and Mechanics School, passed my gunnery and flight physical, yet was sent for further schooling in a ground technical squadron. I don't suppose I'll ever wear wings, but I think the active operators should have a distinctive wing to wear. My idea is to make the center part of the wing more indicative of our service, instead of the regular Army insignia which denotes both radioman and gunner. We take great pride in our trade and branch, and the new Seventh Air Force shoulder patches, along with the communications sleeve patches, are a step in the right direction.

—**Cpl. JOHN W. HICKLE**

Hawaii

Dear YANK:

Several of the fellows in our outfit had a discussion on the length of time they had to spend in Alaska before they were eligible for a furlough. We have tried to find out from several different sources, but all we could learn was rumor. The boys up here are calling YANK the South Pacific Advertiser, as that is all that seems to be in it.

—**Pfc. ROBERT W. LUCAS**

Alaska

■ In wartime there is no set rule as to the length of time a man must serve overseas before getting furloughed. As to your complaint about the kind of coverage we give your area, every issue for the last eight weeks has carried at least one story from Alaska.

Dear YANK:

S/Sgt. Berkman and T-5 Grosslight concocted the idea of a barracks-bag carrier about a month ago, interested a Los Angeles manufacturer in it and applied for a patent on the item, which is now sold under the trade name of "Kari-All." Its efficiency has been tested up to 100 pounds, although it serves its purpose much better for a 40- to 50-pound barracks bag. It first went on sale at Camp Stoneman and is now being sold in most of the Bay Area camps, such as the Presidio of San Francisco and Fort Scott.

—**S/Sgt. ARTHUR BERKMAN**

Camp Stoneman, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I have read in YANK [in a *Mail Call* letter in a May issue] that some men at Camp Cushing, Tex., have been discriminated against in regard to obtaining their release under the "over 38" law. The same has happened here. Like them, we thought that the law was passed to benefit us all. We have it on no less authority than our President that we all would be given consideration. Why isn't this being done? There are a lot of very useful experienced men being detained who could help more at their own trades.

—**Cpl. F. A. RODENBAUGH**

Alaska

■ Individual cases differ so that it is impossible to make a blanket statement on the subject. One thing is certain — the release of over-age men overseas very often depends on available transportation back, which may be plenty hard to arrange. Also, a satisfactory replacement must be available. Another determining factor is whether your CO feels the employment offered you as a civilian is of greater value than your status as a trained soldier.

Dear YANK:

All this ranting and raving about how the Army Postal Service should change its operation so that more packages may be sent to men overseas is a lot of hooey. For the GIs who have to do the handling and routing of these packages, we think it is a big mistake for these reasons: 1) The transferring of military personnel makes parcels change hands so often that by the time they reach their destination they are in sad shape, 2) the handling of this extra mail with the limited number of post-office personnel cuts down on service rendered and efficiency, and 3) religious organizations, victory clubs, fraternal organizations and friends of the men will more than keep the sacks full. If the packages are essential, we are for them, and at Christmas time we are willing to do our best to get the goods to the men, but at other times we think it is superfluous. We would like to hear other APO clerks' opinions and let the majority rule.

—**Pvt. JOHN KELLET, APO Clerk**

Panama

Dear YANK:

Guadalcanal —**Cpl. T. J. DZIURZYASKI**

Dear YANK:

I just returned to Pearl Harbor from an outlying Pacific Island base, picked up my mail, found a clipping from the *Poets Cornered* section of YANK, and was I mortified? The poem entitled "Kismet" was written by an Alaska leatherneck in reply to a bit of verse I wrote about a year ago entitled "The Marines." In it he says "We've been told by a dogface boy (meaning me) who wears a golden bar, just what we think Marines can do and what we think we are," etc. Further, "But let me task his brain and ask that stupid dogface cuss (ouch) how many men in this wide world are quite as fine as us." In addition to the above there have been many equally penetrating remarks in the letters-to-the-editor column regarding my poem. Now, just for the record. . . . About a year ago I wrote the poem in question, purely for my own amusement, which included such lines as, "the wind never screams and the moon never beams unless authorized to by the U. S. Marines." It went on in like manner for about four stanzas. The poem was printed in a Marine magazine entitled the *Recruiter*. YANK picked it up from that and ran it, and, listen carefully here, left off the last stanza which justified the inordinate pride of us Marines by stating—I forget how it went—that the Army and Navy are griped because they can't all be marines. Since I have been connected with the Marines for nearly 10 years it is unfair for you to put me in a position where I am castigated beyond the point of what might be termed the normal castigation point for looeys. Really, fellows, I think you ought to apologize for putting me on a spot like that.

—**1st Lt. EARL J. WILSON, USMC**

Pearl Harbor, T. H.

■ Here's the stanza we omitted:

They grab all the gravy away from the Navy
And all they leave us poor sailors is beans.
The Army gripes likewise about these Leatherneck guys
'Cause we wish that we all were Marines!

Dear YANK:

Not so long ago my father wrote and told me he was going to send me money to come home on furlough. I told him to go see the President.

New Guinea —**Cpl. CALVIN TWIDDY**

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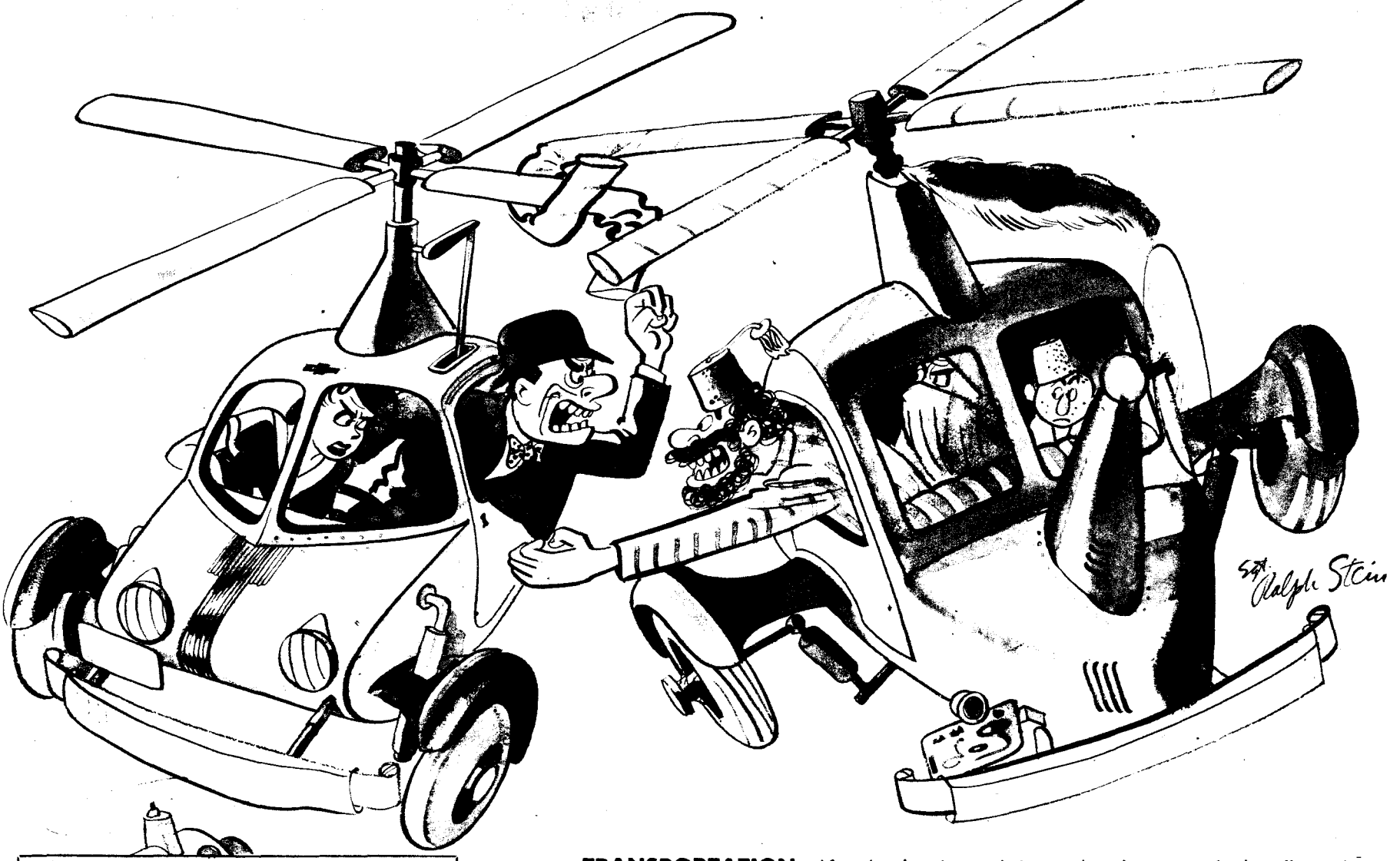
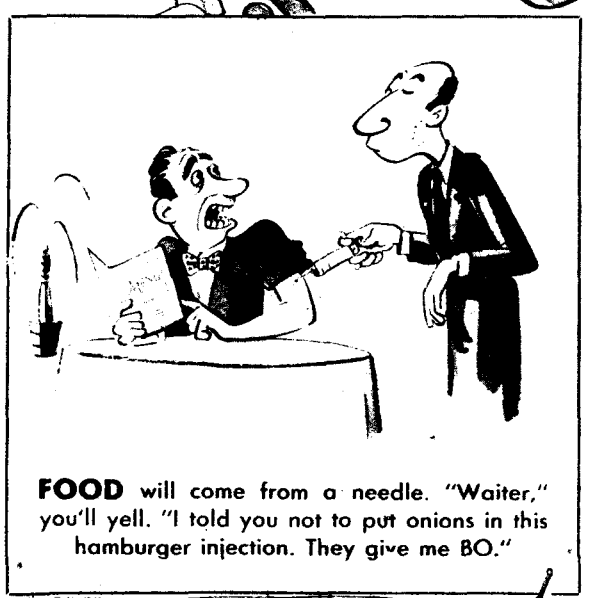
STEIN'S GLORIOUS

Post-War World

YANK's candidate for a Section 8, Sgt. Ralph Stein, gives his predictions of what will happen after the armistice.



TRANSPORTATION. After the duration and six months, almost everybody will own his own helicopter and we will think nothing of taking Grandmother and the kiddies on a little spin to Argentina or Norway over the Labor Day week end to broaden their global outlook. Instead of scraping fenders with some guy from your own state during a Sunday afternoon drive, you will have the pleasure of crumbling your rotor against that of Boguljob Yeftich from some country in another part of the world. The cussing will be definitely global.



FOOD will come from a needle. "Waiter," you'll yell. "I told you not to put onions in this hamburger injection. They give me BO."

COMMUNICATIONS. Just think of the thrilling wrong numbers you'll get on your private walkie-talkie telephone, while traveling by plane, train or boat. "Operator, I ask for Bismarck, North Dakota, and you give me the Bismarck Sea."

TELEVISION. Every home will have its own flesh-and-blood entertainment in the parlor after dinner in the evening. Naturally, every husband will have to develop a technique of switching quickly from a burlesque show featuring Hipsy Shose Free, the vuluptuous and beauteous wiggle dancer, to a serious drama when the little woman returns from the kitchen after wiping the dishes, just like he used to camouflage that copy of *Film Fun* in the old days.

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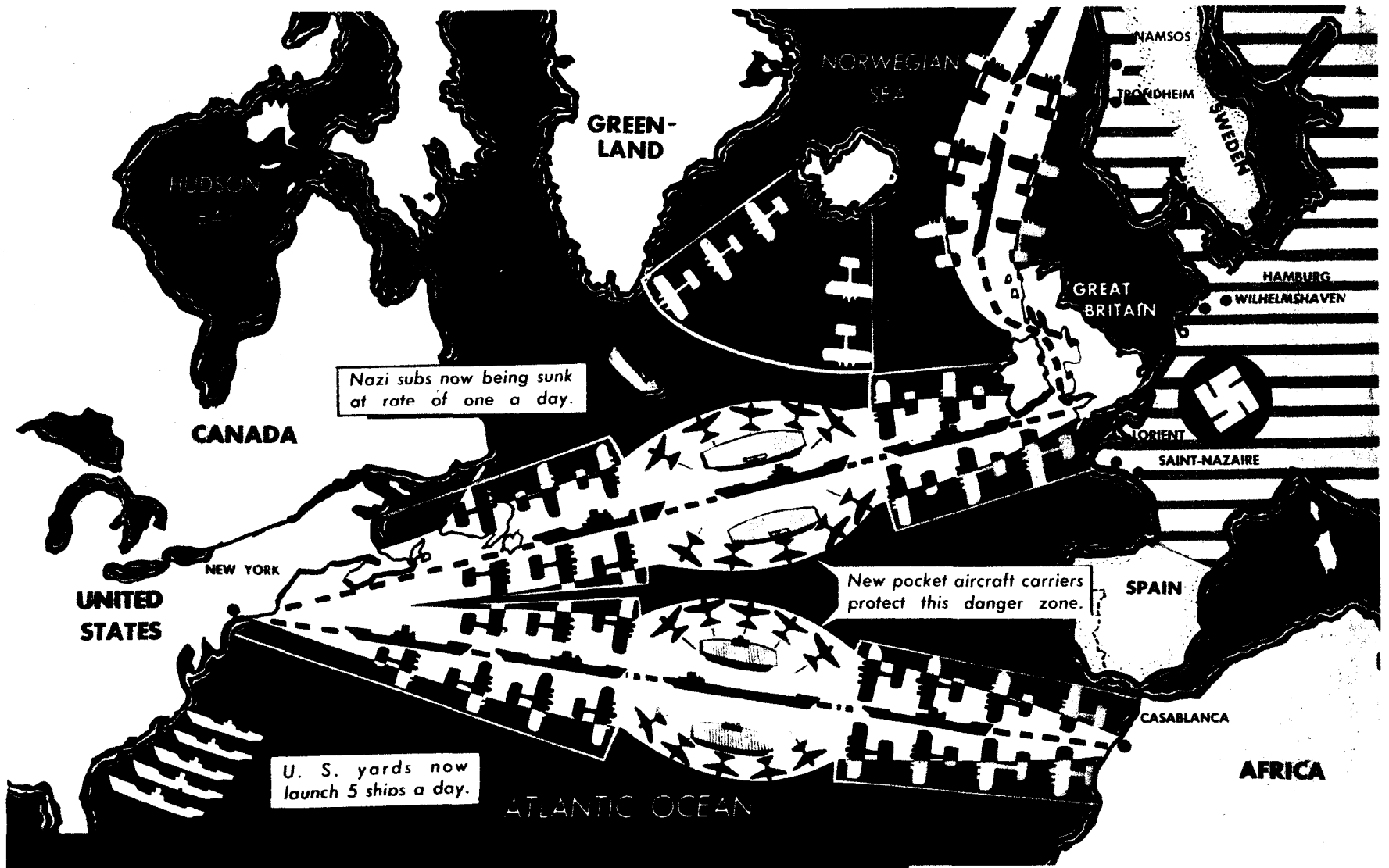

Tide Turns Toward Allies In Battle of Atlantic

THE Battle of the Atlantic has turned suddenly, sharply, perhaps disastrously against the Axis. In one of the war's most significant reverses, Hitler's desperate sea offensive is wobbling.

Affecting as it does the whole strategic picture, the startling, abrupt change in the war at sea during the past few weeks is a defeat particularly bitter to the Germans. The greatest submarine fleet in naval history had been assembled by the German Navy in an all-out effort to smash the Atlantic supply lines this spring and summer. Out of a U-boat fleet totaling perhaps 600 boats, the German high command planned to keep 150 to 200 "killers" loose in the Atlantic simultaneously. Allied invasion preparations spurred the Nazis to zealous fury: invasion meant more and fatter convoys, and wholesale destruction of these ships would perhaps turn the tide against the Allies again, would at the very least postpone the date of invasion until the "fortress of steel" around Germany was sufficiently strengthened to meet the Allied armies.

The Allied outlook in March was serious. Only two months ago American and British officials frankly forecast staggering ship losses. New ship construction was almost certain to be more than offset by the U-boat killings. Already in 1942 alone the Germans had sunk 3,000,000 more tons of shipping than was lost in the whole four years of the first World War. During recent months Allied losses had totaled some 700,000 gross tons a month, dangerously higher than the 400,000 average gross tons of shipping lost each month in the 21-month U-boat campaign in 1917 that proved almost fatal to the Allies. Germany's titan force was out in overwhelming strength—the lone raiders, the wolf packs and the echelons of wolf packs—to prey in some 10,000,000 square miles of sea. Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz exhorted his U-boat commanders to "kill, kill, kill."

It was to be a battle without quarter.

It was. The Allies answered by striking from *the sea, from under the sea, from the air.* For more than two months the Allies have sunk at least one U-boat a day. In May planes alone killed more U-boats than the Germans' monthly output, estimated at 15 to 20. With special concentration on U-boat yards and bases, heavy bombers from the RAF and our Eighth Air Force vaulted the bastions of Europe's fortress and struck repeatedly at Trondheim and Namsos in Norway, Wilhelmshaven, Hamburg and Vegesack in Germany, and Lorient and Saint-Nazaire in France. The brilliant record of submarine killings today is a smashing climax to the long Atlantic campaign, for during the 12 months ended June 1, the number of U-boats destroyed was greater than the total for the whole preceding period of almost three years.

The impact on the Germans has been staggering. They admit that United Nations merchant-ship losses have dropped from a high of 851,000 tons in March to 415,000 tons in April, dropping even further in May to a total for the month of 372,000 tons. (By vivid comparison the German high command claimed 924,000 tons of shipping during May of last year). Admitting the worst was not yet over, German spokesmen gloomily disclosed an even greater decrease for June (149,000 tons), when Allied losses were admitted to be "the lowest in years." They were. June was the best month in the war for the Allies; during the 6-week period ended June 30 "scarcely a single ship had been sunk in the whole North Atlantic," in the words of Prime Minister Churchill, while submarines have been sunk at the rate of "one a day." The real set-back to the Germans is even greater than these figures indicate, for shipping to Britain, Russia and Africa has been at its heaviest in about 18 months.

Allied merchant vessels meanwhile are launching in record-breaking numbers. More than five ships are being completed per day, or more ships in the first five months of this year than were built in all of 1942. Some 19,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping are being produced this year, or well over 1,000,000 gross tons a month. Even by German claims the present rate of sinkings is only one-third as great as production; in reality, output of new ships is from seven to ten times as much as the rate of sinkings in June.

THE Allied success is a product of the most concentrated antisubmarine campaign ever conceived. The newest, probably most far-reaching *development in the current U-boat war is the* tremendous success of air power over the submarine. American-built Liberators are now flying against U-boat fleets from American, British and Canadian bases, and from Iceland and Ireland. These VLR (very long range) bombers, equipped with special fuel tanks, wing out 1,000 miles and more over the Atlantic, accounting for steadily increasing numbers of submarines. Canadian bombers sometimes meet British planes over convoys in mid-ocean. Near the coast lines, planes like the Sunderland and the Catalina and low-flying blimps fly out to meet convoys.

Destroyer-escort ships, particularly effective against submarines, are turning out in record number. Half of our new fighting ships that were completed in a recent month were destroyer escorts, and next year the largest single class of warships in the Navy will be these swift boats.

The new pocket aircraft carrier—a merchant ship converted into a small plane carrier—has also been especially deadly of late. The 1,000-mile danger zone in the mid-Atlantic, the so-called air gap where land-based bombers cannot reach with their limited range, is patrolled—and, lately, virtually controlled—by the miniature carrier. In addition the Navy has disclosed that secret weapons have been very effective.

Allied naval officials warn that the submarine menace is not licked yet, despite the shattering losses to U-boats within recent weeks. German submarine crews are still the elite, and only recently a U-boat crew was reported to have mutinied because its commander surrendered under emergency to an Allied ship. But the German is unquestionably stunned. Many submarine crews home on leave in Germany have been reported "discontent" with their lot. Reports from Germany say that Admiral Doenitz is already holding many of his boats in port pending a "revised" strategy to meet the Allied attacks.

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GOAT RATIONS. That's Willie the goat's service record, and he'd eat it, too, if Sgt. Forrest Schmollinger gave him the chance. He's mascot at Troop Training Area, San Bernardino Army Air Field, Calif.

SCULPTOR'S JOB. Lining up his mattress at the Antiaircraft OCS, Camp Davis, N. C., is Sidney Loeb, winner of a Guggenheim fellowship in sculpture. He was a resident of Chicago, Ill., studied in France.

NEW COLONEL. At least Pvt. George S. Lucas proves you don't have to be a colonel to wear eagles on your shoulders. These two mascots at Moses Lake (Wash.) Army Base are named Bomba and Gunner.

Snake Hunter

Camp Beale, Calif.—Pvt. Freeman Swenson probably has the strangest assignment in the 13th Armored (Black Cats) Division. He's the division's official snake hunter.

Swenson has been detailed by G-1 to make a collection of snakes for display to all units of the Black Cats. And after he finishes his lectures on snake habits, soldiers will know whether to move over and make room for friendly snakes, or to scram, but quick.

So far Swenson has caught five snakes on the reservation, and has been bitten once.

Literary Note

Camp Polk, La.—While browsing through the post library, Pvt. Louis Maken picked up a book entitled "Army Talk," written by one Elbridge Colby. After reading the book Maken decided the author didn't know what he was talking about and he wrote a letter to the publishers suggesting that the next time they print a book about the Army they hire an author who knows the Army.

A week later he received this reply from the author: "I am grateful that you have taken the trouble to write me. If my absence overseas does not prevent me from making changes in the next edition, I shall be glad to incorporate the changes you have suggested." The letter was signed by "Elbridge Colby, Colonel, Infantry, U. S. Army."

Adam Lazonga II, RIP

Fort Benning, Ga.—Adam Lazonga II, one of two alligator mascots of the 124th Infantry Regiment, has gone wherever alligators go when their digestive systems fail to function. After a winter of hibernation, Adam died when he began to eat again in the spring.

Adam Lazonga I is still around and shedding no crocodile tears, as far as anyone in the 'Gator Regiment can tell.

Chivalry Is Not Dead

Rapid City Army Air Base, S. Dak.—When the first bunch of Wacs arrived here recently a group of dogfaces made dates with a few of the prettiest one night for the camp movie. When the guys came to pick up their dates they found the Wacs were all pulling KP. So the fellows sent the girls to the WAC barracks to get dressed while they finished the KP jobs. The girls got dressed and the men finished KP just in time to make the last show.

Wrong Walker

Mather Field, Calif.—A/C Thomas J. Walker needed only 20 flying hours for his commission when he was suddenly washed out of advanced flight training here and shipped to BTC 8 at Fresno.

He was sitting on his bunk at Fresno, wondering how the devil he had got washed out and what he was going to do with the officer's uniforms he'd

CAMP NEWS

WAC AQUATICS. These happy bathers are also serious workers. But being members of the Women's Army Corps doesn't stop them from wearing a wide variety of bathing suits when they go for a swim in Kingsley Lake near their post at Camp Blanding, Fla.

TRAINING COURSE. These GIs crawling through a kind of "no man's land" are covering an infiltration course at Richmond, Va. Live ammunition whines overhead and dynamite is blown up around them.

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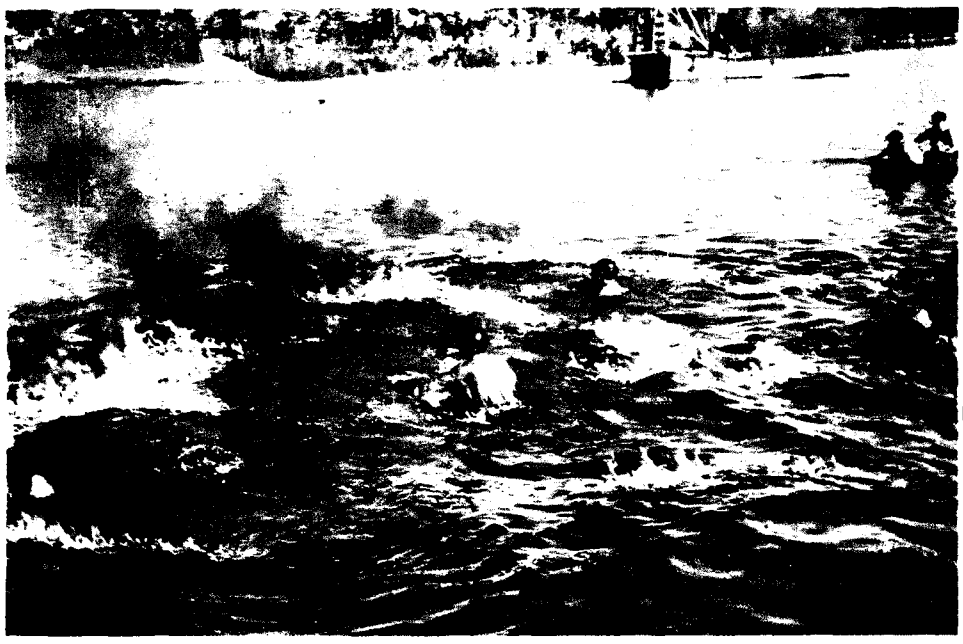

BURNING LAKE. Soldiers of the 3d Engineer Amphibian Brigade at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., not only have to swim wearing equipment, they also must learn to swim through oil burning on the surface. Instructors teach a special technique, combining underwater swimming with splash surfacing for air.

SHOULDER BOMBS. Soldiers at the San Angelo (Tex.) Bombardier School make an impressive sight as they march across a field, each one carrying a bomb on his shoulder, silhouetted against the cloudy Texas sky. These bombs will each weigh 100 pounds after they have been filled with sand and powder.

bought, when a wire came ordering him back to Mather to resume training.

Seems there was another Thomas J. Walker in his class.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Bowie, Tex.—The troop train pulled into the station at Denton, Tex. A group commanded by a sergeant got off and formed a line on the platform. From the crowd came a corporal who grabbed the sergeant in a loving embrace.

The brave corporal was Harry A. Coon, QM Det., 1853d Unit, and the sergeant was his wife, Gertrude Coon of the WAC.

Camp Claiborne, La.—After he had served seven months with the 411th Infantry Regiment here Pfc. Wallace H. Jagusch received a letter from his draft board in Redwing, Minn. "We understand," the board said, "that you are now a soldier and that therefore it would be impossible for us to draft you. Is that correct?" The answer, replied Jagusch, is: "Correct."

Camp White, Calif.—Pvt. "Bobo," in a medical unit here, was doing KP in a field kitchen during a recent bivouac when he noticed someone in a corner munching a sandwich. "Get the hell out of here, small change!" hollered Bobo, and shoved the intruder out of the tent. The guy he shoved turned around and said, "Were you talking to me?" He was Capt. Kram, the company adjutant.

Fort William Henry Harrison, Mont.—Sgt. Louis Kaa of the base motor pool here is nuts on two subjects: women and radio equipment. So he was naturally interested when he met one of the new women truck drivers here who was not only pretty but who was also a radio enthusiast. In due time she invited the sergeant to her apartment in town to see her latest radio equipment. The next day Kaa was bubbling over. "Boy, was she equipped," he said.

Camp Wolters, Tex.—Memories of the "40 men and 8 horses" transportation of the first World War came to Wolters as the first group of Wacs arrived here recently.

When they missed train connections en route from Fort Worth, eight of them and one officer piled in a freight caboose and finished the trip that way.

Kearns, Utah—Monday is gripe day at the AAF Basic Training Center here. The post inspector has set aside that day each week to hear complaints of anybody on the post—even guys in the guardhouse. And it's not necessary to get a superior's permission for a conference with the inspector, either.

GI SVENGALI

FORT MONMOUTH, N. J.—Cpl. Sam Ladenheim is teaching soldiers at Monmouth how to hypnotize themselves in combat. He claims that through hypnotism men will have no fear of battle and will feel no pain from injuries. "My classes," announced Ladenheim, "are open to enlisted men, officers and Wacs."

HIGH POLICY. Pvt. Robert E. Elkin (left) of Springfield, Ill., takes out an Army insurance policy for $10,000 at Camp Grant, Ill., bringing the total of policies taken out at the camp to 2 billion dollars.

WHAT'S IN A NAME DEPT.

A private was standing inspection at **Camp Wheeler**, Ga., when the inspecting officer asked him his name. "Sir, Pvt. Sir Clark," was the reply. The officer hesitated, then asked, "What's your first name?" "Sir, sir," said Clark. The officer shook his head sadly and moved on. . . . Cpls. James Monroe and William McKinley are stationed at **Kelley Field**, Tex. . . . Drill Sgt. Charlie Marsiglia, **San Bernardino Air Base**, Calif., is nicknamed Kerosene because "I just burn up whenever I see a guy out of line in formation." . . . The most negative name in the Army is owned by A/C Nix Nix, **Nashville** (Tenn.) **Army Air Center**. . . . Cpl. and Mrs. E. S. Duck, **Sheppard Field**, Tex., have a brand new son. His name is Donald Duck.

YANK wants interesting news items, features and photographs from Camp PROs and Special Service Offices. Send all material to YANK, Camp Features, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

SKI GIRL. Jinx Falkenburg of Hollywood made a mass conquest when she visited Camp Hale, Colo. Ski troopers sent her these two souvenirs as proof.

SOLDIER'S ART. Pvt. Frank Eliscu is the proud sculptor of this figure in Virginia clay, "the Classic Muse of Music," which stands at Fort Belvoir, Va.

TWO SIZES. At Basic Flying School, Enid, Okla., Pfc. Isiah Preston, with 16½ shoes, shapes up big alongside Cpl. Richard Hughes, wearing his size 5.

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HOLLYWOOD. Donald Meek, who has played Caspar Milquetoast-like roles in most of his 83 screen appearances, can't be considered a timid man in real life. Wounded in Cuba after enlisting for the Spanish-American War at the age of 17, he joined the famous Princess Pats of Toronto in the first World War after he was turned down because of his age by the American Army. . . . Lon Jones, an Australian correspondent in the U. S. who is serving as technical director for "The Man Down Under," cut a scene showing a pitcher of cream because cream cannot be obtained by civilians in Australia without a doctor's prescription; it is reserved for hospitals, babies and the armed forces. . . . Mae West is turning over her collection of diamonds to the War Production Board to be cut down for use in precision instruments in war factories. . . . The movie version of "The Raft," Robert Trumbull's best-selling novel, should have a ring of authenticity about it. Ensign Harold F. Dixon, one of a trio who spent 34 days on a rubber raft in the Pacific, is its technical director. . . . Freddie Steele, middleweight champion from 1936 to 1938, will have the part of Bugsy, a marine pal of Eddie Bracken, in Paramount's comedy, "Hail the Conquering Hero." . . . Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne will go to Drew Field, Fla., for the filming of sequences of "A Guy Named Joe." More than half of the picture will be shot at Drew.

Mae West and diamonds.

COAST TO COAST. Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose," has collaborated with R. von Runkle on a race-track play entitled "They're Off," to be tried out this fall in Toronto and Buffalo before it arrives on Broadway. . . . Two new circuses have folded in the East—Gilbert Bros. at Hartford, Conn., after a few weeks on the road and Larry Sunbrock's "big top" back of the Roxy Theater in New York City. . . . Meanwhile, Ringling Bros.' European-style circus "Spangles" settled down for an all-summer run in Madison Square Garden. . . . On the West Coast, the Russell Bros. Circus was sold to Art Concello, the 1942 manager of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey. . . . George White's "Scandals," touring the West Coast, did capacity business in Portland, Oreg., after arriving a day late because of failure to make train connections from Oakland, Calif. . . . Julie Haydon has the lead in "Major Barbara" at the Little Theater in New Orleans. . . . Romo Vincent is the feature attraction at the Chase Hotel in St Louis. . . . "Let Us Be Gay," starring Gloria Swanson, played the Hanna in Cleveland. . . . The Toledo Civic Amusement Guild scheduled a four-week musical-comedy season at the Toledo Zoological Gardens theater.

KEEPING UP WITH THE BANDS. Alvino Rey has a set-up on the West Coast that is the envy of other band leaders: he and his boys work the graveyard shift (12:30 to 7:30 A.M.) at the Lockheed plant, which permits them to play the Aragon Ballroom in Los Angeles and accept bookings in pictures when offered them. . . . Jack Edwards is still drawing at the Statler in Boston. . . . Anita O'Day, vocalist for the disbanded Gene Krupa band, is singing at Slapsie Maxie's in San Francisco. . . . Stan Kenton has landed the contract to provide the music for the Bob Hope radio show when the comedian goes back on the air in September. . . .

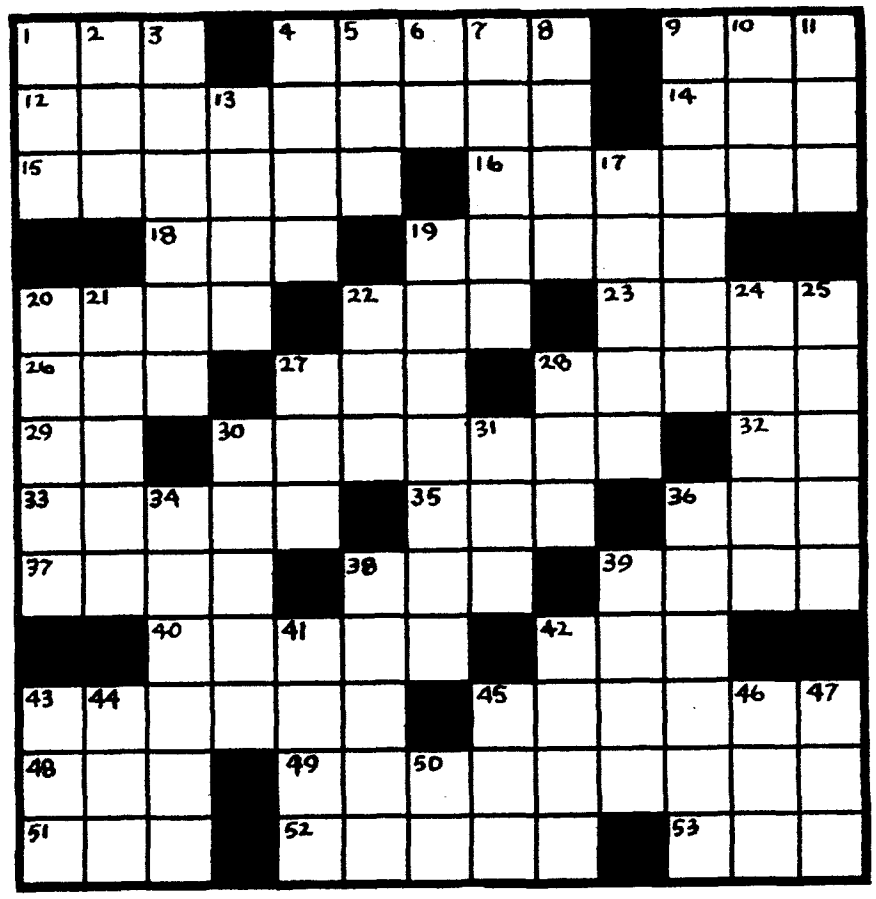
Robert Crum and his band are at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. . . . Vaughn Monroe is on a tour of the West Coast but swings back through the Middle West after Aug. 11. . . . Ted Fio Rito opens at Elitch's Gardens in Denver Aug. 3.

Miss Wheels

A few weeks ago the [illegible] U. S. Camera [illegible] us a bouquet by [illegible] a [illegible] of YANK [illegible]. It included the [illegible] you see ever [illegible] at the left. Well, we [illegible] her. Never. But any time we're charged with having [illegible] something to do with something like that, we're going to make good. How come? U. S. Camera didn't say. Howell made the picture.

GI CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Cpl. WALTER GUTMANN, *VI Bomber Command*

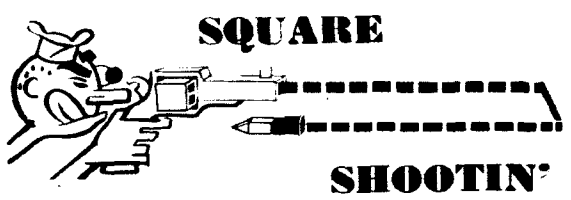


ACROSS
1. Latin wing
4. This is the end of your stripe
9. Milk without a head
12. Bomber
14. Half a needle is born
15. Schoolboy stuff
16. War president
18. That's all there is
19. Columbus' home town
20. This stick sounds like a murderer
22. Flies in a cat fight
23. Outfit
26. Half of Arthur
27. Sheep sounding off
28. This ended in Stalingrad
29. In short, I would
30. Scouts
32. Al is backward
33. Famous Hood
35. Another dollar
36. A small number without you
37. This can't be written
38. She's possessive
39. Bronx cheers
40. Went in head first
42. This is highly expendable in France
43. He made "Whoopee"
45. Expiated
48. A woman denies having it
49. His name is anathema in Tokyo
51. This goes around with neither
52. Computer who is a snake
53. Good heavens

DOWN
1. The works
2. Small prevarication
3. Over the hill without leave
4. Put his foot down
5. Double timed
6. This is it
7. It's bound to come after Tyrone
8. Four letters from Ireland
9. Section 8
10. Movie lion
11. This is sure to get Kenneth started
13. Anglo-Saxon who needed a Lincoln
17. Champion sergeant
19. Eleven general orders in the past
20. Where they celebrate Mummy's D
21. Zeal
22. The beginning of Fats Waller
24. Eskimo barracks
25. The eyes have it
27. Banana splits
28. Like a fox
30. He wears a pair of silver wings
31. Handy in a canoe
34. Something else you can keep flying
36. Sources
38. Salome danced for him and got ahead
39. Something afoot
41. I'll take vanilla
42. Guardhouse
43. Outer food covering
44. Past
45. What you see in that mug
46. Watch-chain tooth
47. Algerian governor who sounds like 35 Across
50. Short uniform

(Solution on page 22.)

SQUARE SHOOTIN'



S	T	R	C
E	H	A	U
P	M	N	Y
I	L	O	D

A PRIZE of a YANK Puzzle Kit will be awarded to each of the five highest scoring entries in this contest. Here are the rules:

1. Start anywhere in the diagram and move like the king in chess, one square at a time — horizontally, vertically or diagonally — until you have spelled out a word. Then hop to any other square and spell out another word. And so on. *Example*: STAMP can be spelled out, beginning at upper left.
2. Each word must be at least four letters in length. No plurals.
3. You may return to the same letter in the same word but no double letters are possible.
4. A word will be adjudged acceptable only if it can be found in "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition," the main alphabetical section.
5. Print your name, address and total of words clearly at the top of your word list. Number the words.

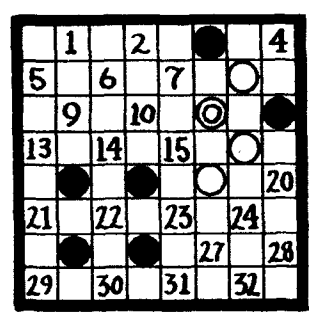
Mail your solution to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S.; within *eight* weeks if you are overseas.

CHECKER STRATEGY

WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

IN spite of being two men behind, White is so situated that he can win the game by making the right moves at this stage. Look 'em over and see if you can force the winning move for White.

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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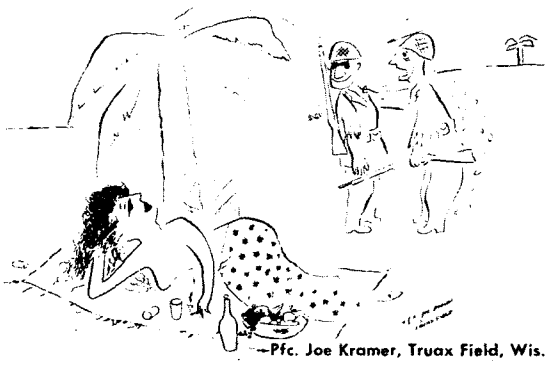
POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N.Y.

If your contribution pleases the editors, you will receive YANK's [illegible] slip, that will [illegible] a more creative mood.



—Pfc. Joe Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.

"Ernie, Ernie! Look at me! Listen! It may be a booby trap!"

La Cucaracha

IT all began the day we observed cockroaches in the latrine. They were not only well established; they were obviously making preparations to launch a pincers movement against the rest of the barracks. A runner was immediately dispatched to carry the news to GHQ, and shortly thereafter a special task force arrived at the front with orders to take all necessary action. Battle was joined at 1425.

Our forces made a frontal assault on the latrine in which the main body of cockroaches was established. Clearing the field of American troops, a hose was run in from a special pressure machine, a lever was pulled and huge clouds of deadly insecticide rolled toward the enemy.

But the cockroaches had been in the Army too long to be taken unaware by such a maneuver. Little bells suddenly burst into sound throughout the latrine, and here and there high-pitched voices could be heard shouting *"Gas!"*

Then, through the smoke of battle, there emerged the strangest sight seen in many a moon. Wearing diminutive gas masks and carrying tiny rifles at a high port, the cockroaches advanced to battle in extended order. Their formation was unmistakably the squad-wedge, but at a hand signal from their leader—a second lieutenant—they deployed as skirmishers and began to dig in.

Simultaneously, cockroach parachutists dropped from the ceiling in our rear and launched a diversionist assault intended to draw our attention from the main forces.

Although taken aback by this unexpected attack, our forces continued to pour gas fumes into the latrine until the moment came to make our counterattack. As the clouds of insecticide cleared away, the bodies of hundreds of the enemy who had not been quick enough with their masks became visible on the battlefield.

A special platoon, all picked men, was designated a mopping-up squad and, armed with brooms, they advanced. Shock troops, meanwhile, moved in on the remaining entrenchments with rolled-up newspapers and other weapons. In the vicious and sustained hand-to-hand combat that followed, even the well-trained enemy could not resist the terrific onslaught of our enraged soldiers.

It was a famous victory, and our patrols are now kept in constant readiness to guard against the possibility that survivors may rally and try to engage us in guerrilla warfare. The only aftermath was that, although no one thought it possible, the latrine smelled worse than ever until the fumes of the insecticide wore away.

That we attribute to the cockroaches' scorched-earth policy.

—Pvt. HUBERT J. BERNHARD

Hamilton Field, Calif.

Heard in a West Africa Market

"I SAY, Ali, where do you run off to every afternoon with that heavy pack on your head? You're not working, are you?"

"Well, Zigaboo, old chap, I wouldn't exactly call it work. You have, no doubt, heard of those Americans over in the new camp?"

"Oh, yes, the chaps who yell and make funny faces at us when they drive by in those ridiculous-looking busses. A very peculiar lot, what?"

"Peculiar is hardly the word for it. Why, do you know that with a little elementary business psychology you can get one of those blokes to give you three shillings for a tuppenny back scratcher?"

"Come now, Ali, what sort of tommyrot is this you're feeding me."

"By the beard of the prophet, Ziggy, I wouldn't have believed it myself until I investigated one afternoon. The next day I bought up all the rubbish I could get hold of, set it up neatly outside their camp, and that afternoon, lo and behold, I was cleaned out in one hour."

"Amazing! Incredible! But how did you do it?"

"Well, Ziggy, it's really very simple. Prof. Mohmed has been giving a lecture course on the psychology of dealing with Americans. But I can save you the two shillings he charges by outlining some of his broader principles.

"All you do is spread out your junk on a skin opposite the main gate and wait. Then, sure enough, out they swarm.

"If you want them to buy, they run away; but if you pretend indifference, they will come and see what you're selling. They'll begin by asking what you want for that goat-skinned shoehorn. Now here is where you turn on all that psychology. You don't say a word for 10 seconds. You just sit there trying to look as if parting with the worthless object would be worse than parting with your No. 3 wife.

"When it appears that he's getting ready to apologize even for suggesting that you part with the old thing, you very calmly ask what he would pay for depriving you of such a charming piece of merchandise. For such an article as this they usually offer one shiling."

"Good Allah, no! Do you mean that they offer you one shilling for a ha'penny goat-skinned shoehorn? What do you do, throw your arms around him before he can get away?"

"No, Ziggy. You just quietly shake your head as if he had offered you one shilling for your favorite camel. So he ups it another shilling.

"Surely you let him have it then?"

"I should say not. We're just getting started. Finally he asks you what you do want for the thing. Very determinedly you say, 'Six shillings'."

"Astounding, Ali!"

"However, even an American suspects that six shillings is a bit steep, and he starts to bargain with you. Well, to make a long story short, you wind up with three shillings for the piece of junk. Not bad, eh?"

"Say, Ali, wait for me while I gather up some of that crap I've got around the house, and I'll join you. Maybe I can sell enough of it in the next couple of weeks to be able to buy a couple of new wives. The old models are depreciating in this climate."

West Africa —Sgt. KEN ABBOTT

POST-WAR PLANNING

". . . You enlisted men haven't talked much about the future. Consequently, few people know exactly what you are thinking, if anything."—*Editorial in YANK, June 25.*

When the war and duration are over
And I hold my release in my hand,
I shall head for my home to recover
And to do all the things I have planned.
I shall strip off my uniform quickly
And I'll fling myself down on a bed,
That is padded with mattresses thickly,
And sleep like the dead.

Oh, fie on the fools who like fishing,
And a fig for the fellows who feel
That the wildest extent of their wishing
Is a river, a rod and a reel.
And the same to those who crave dances
And scotches and women and tea;
My mind one vision entrances—
It's slumber for me.

—Sgt. GRANT A. SAUNDERS

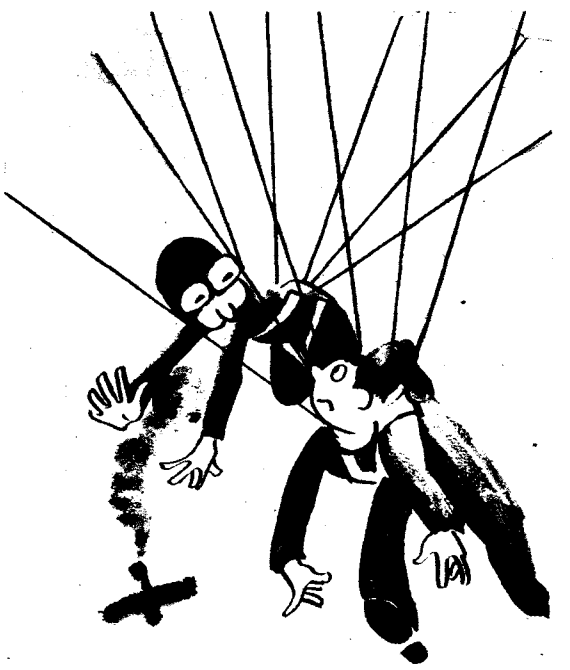
Camp Shelby, Miss.

SONG OF THE DESERT RAT

Day after day in the desert,
Sun, sun, sun.
Day after day in the desert,
Wind, wind, wind.
Day after day in the desert,
Dust, dust, dust.
Monotonous, isn't it?

—Sgt. DAVE BERRY

Somewhere in the damn California desert.



—Pvt. F. A. Bernard, North Africa

"That was fun. Do you think they'll give us another plane?"

—Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

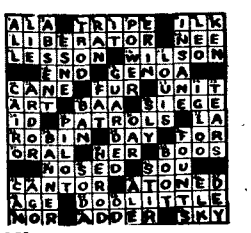
PX Haircut.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

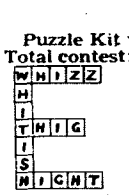
White slips 19 to 15. Black takes 12 to 19. . . . White moves 11 to 16. Black jumps 3 to 12. . . . White jumps 16 to 23 to 30 to 21 to 14 to 23, for a grand clean-up. The picture's now changed completely. White has two men to Black's one. WHITE WINS.

GI CROSSWORD PUZZLE →



Tee-Total Winners

Puzzle Kit winners, and their scores, in the June 18 Tee-Total contest: Cpl. Simon Spero, Gowan Field, Idaho (369); Cpl. Albert Schulman, Camp Shelby, Miss. (363); Pfc. Herman G. Knauth, Camp Edwards, Mass. (360); T-5 James J. O'Loughlin, Camp Ritchie, Md. (357); Cpl. Gilbert Shott, Florence, S. C. (353), and Pvt. Joseph Schwartz, San Antonio, Tex. (348). Spero's solution, using *thig*, a Scottish word meaning to beg, is shown here.



There is another winner, with a score of 359. His solution was submitted on notepaper bearing the University of Minnesota seal and was sent from Minneapolis, but he omitted his return address and we can't make out his last name. If Pfc. Harry S. —— will drop us a card, he'll get his Puzzle Kit.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2—Sgt. George Aarons. 3—Sgt. Pete Paris. 4—Aarons. 6—Sgt. John Bushemi. 7—Acme. 8 & 9—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 12 & 13—Hanley. 18—Top (l. t r.). PRO, San Bernardino (Calif.) Air Field; AAA School, Camp Davis, N. C.; PA. Bottom (l. to r.). U. S. Army, Camp Blanding, Fla.; WW. 19—Top (l. to r.). Sig. Corps; PA. Center, Acme. Bottom (l. to r.), WW; PRO, Fort Belvoir, Va.; INP. 20—Hurrell. 21—WW. 23—Acme.

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SPORTS: WHIRLY HAD TO LICK FEAR TO BECOME A GREAT HORSE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

WHIRLAWAY had just run a hopeless race, finishing fifth in the Equipoise Mile at Washington Park. Back in the barn, Pinky Brown shook his head as he examined the horse's injured left leg. He lowered it gently to the ground and, with a touch of sadness in his voice, told Ben Jones:

"Boss, it's still mighty sore. The big horse can't run any more."

Jones hardly heard him. He was in a trance that comes over trainers when, after years of grooming a horse with infinite patience, they finally see him break down. Jones walked out of the barn and looked for a telephone. He was going to ask Warren Wright, the owner, if he could retire Whirlaway. The horse hadn't responded to treatment and Jones knew the only logical course was retirement.

As he walked to that telephone, Jones must have been thinking back over Whirly's career, starting with that cool, spring Kentucky night at the Calumet Farms when Whirly was foaled a silver-spoon colt, the son of the imported English sire, Blenheim II, and Dustwhirl, a fine brood mare.

There was Whirly's first year. Jones could always distinguish him from the rest of the Calumet yearlings as they dashed aimlessly in packs over the bluegrass pastures. His hindquarters looked mighty powerful for a little fellow and he was somewhat less leggy than the others. But in temperament he was irritable and nervous, like any other young thoroughbred.

As a 2-year-old, Whirly became an acute problem. He wasn't mean. He was simply full of fears. Jones told Pinky Brown there was a fine line between plain old horse devilment and fear. Just the same, it took Jones, Brown and three grooms to saddle little Mr. Big Tail. He would buck, rear and jump sideways, and when the jockey finally got him on the track no one ever knew whether Whirly was going to run straight or not.

Take his race with New World in the Saratoga Special. New World came flying from the barrier with Whirly right behind him. As they moved into the turn, Whirly forgot to make the turn and skimmed the outside rail. When Johnny Longden finally got him straightened out, he was seven lengths behind. But Whirly tore after New World, caught him 25 yards from the wire and beat him by a length.

Fortunately for Whirlaway he was in good hands, because he could have been abused and ruined so easily. Jones knew he had a great race horse and instead of punishing him, he tried to break down the fears that made Whirly so completely unmanageable. He was up with his horse every morning at 5:30 and he stayed with him all through the day. Over and over he repeated the things that excited Whirly.

One day Jones would have Pinky race Whirly as hard and fast as the colt wanted to go. The next, he would turn the horse out to graze, with Pinky sitting on his broad back. Pinky was told not to run the horse, or even walk him, just sit there and let Whirly get the feel of a rider. One day even Jones, who weighs 200 pounds, relieved Pinky of his mount. Whirly was totally indifferent to the change. Another part of Jones' cure was to race Whirly as often as he could to get him used to the track and crowds.

As a 3-year-old, Whirly had succeeded in shaking off his fears but still hadn't lost his tendency to bear out. In Florida, the winter before the 1941 Kentucky Derby, the racing writers generally agreed that hot-eyed Whirly was an outlaw, a bum, and they tagged him the "All-American Outcurve." Jones didn't alibi for his horse. Instead he told them that Whirly would win the Derby, and then he went to work to make sure the horse would.

His first step was to find a rider who could keep Whirly straight. Eddie Arcaro was drafted for the job despite his howls that Whirly was crazy. Pinky told Arcaro how to ride the horse. Jones always did figure Pinky knew more about the horse than anybody else. He once said, "Pinky could race Whirlaway with just a halter and shank." And the day before the Derby, Jones devised a one-eyed blinker that permitted Whirly to see only out of his left eye, cutting off his favorite view of the outside rail.

Jones will always remember that Derby. Whirly began pouring it on three-eighths of a mile from home, and when he lit into the stretch you could swear he was flying. No horse ever ran the Derby faster than Whirly's 2:01 2-5. Then there was Whirly's spine-chiller with the swift Alsab, Whirly and the 'Sab running nostril to nostril and Alsab winning by a whisker in a photo finish; the Dixie Handicap, where Whirly ate up chunks of stretch to make up 20 lengths; the day he smashed Seabiscuit's money-winning record by setting a new track record in the Massachusetts Handicap. And then the Equipoise Mile. Whirly limping home a tragic fifth.

Ben Jones made his telephone call.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

DURING the filming of "This Is The Army," **Sgt. Joe Louis** spotted a private walking around the studio lot, twirling an overseas cap in his hand. Louis stalked the private and, instead of eating him out, said: "Son, that's a good way to get sunstroke." The private, a white boy, smiled and adjusted the cap on his head. . . . YANK's proposal for a championship baseball game between the Air Forces and Ground Forces to be played at the Berlin *Sportspalast* has caught fire. **Lt. L. W. Le Feve** of the Kansas City QM Depot is so sure the game's coming off that he already has bought equipment for it.

When **Jim Braddock** was offered a first lieutenancy in the Army Transportation Corps, he accepted only on the condition that his manager, **Joe Gould**, would get the same rank. The irony of the whole thing is that Gould now is a captain and Jim is still waiting. . . . Since the Army-Navy football game is Army's home game this fall, **Lt. Col. Biff Jones** says it will probably be played at West Point. Both Annapolis and West Point have added new teams to their fall schedules. Navy will play Duke University and Army will tackle Temple. . . . **Sgt. Barney Ross**, the little gray marine, has been awarded the Navy's Silver Star for slugging those 22 Japs on Guadalcanal. . . . **Capt. Chuck Gelatka**, the New York Giants' big end, has recovered from an attack of malaria in the South Pacific and is back in his fighter plane. Another ex-professional end, **Lt. Ken Kavanaugh** of the Chicago Bears, is a Fortress pilot, hammering Sicily and lower Italy. . . . **Billy Soose**, the former middleweight champion, who was commissioned an ensign from a CFO, is now a flight intelligence officer at Nome, Alaska.

This is the Dobodura Derby and that racing strip was once a New Guinea battleground. The horses, originally British, were captured from the Japs at Buna. Bookies reported over $10,000 changed hands.

The GIs on New Guinea have opened the trotting-horse season on schedule, using equipment made in Japan. They salvaged Jap planes and bicycles to make their sulkies. . . . When **Cpl. Tommy Loughran**, the old light heavyweight contender, arrived at the Infantry Weapons School at Camp LeJeune, N. C., he met up with **Pfcs. Terry Young**, the former middleweight champion, and **Al Ettore**, a recent heavyweight contender. . . . **Charley O'Rourke**, Boston College's All-American quarterback, was so quiet about joining the Navy that it was not generally known until he had been in two weeks. . . . When last heard from **Sgt. Pat Mullin**, the Detroit outfielder, was hitting a gaudy .440 for the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Center. . . . That 14-0 licking the Army handed a Navy team in Sydney, Australia, was almost a single-handed job by **Maj. Norman Duncan**, a former UCLA backfield star. He coached the Army team and played fullback as well. He also did all of the punting, tossed two touchdown passes and kicked the two conversions.

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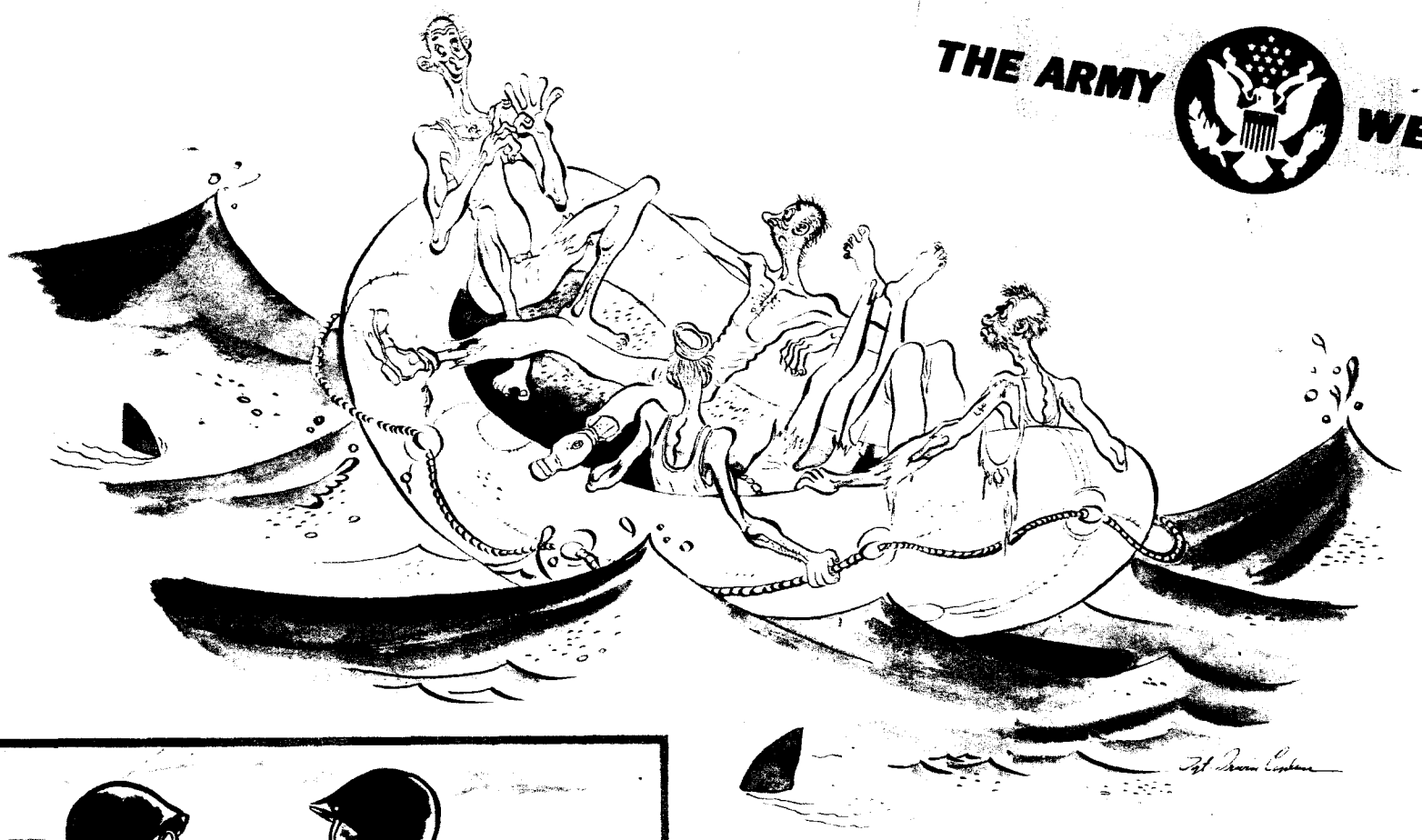
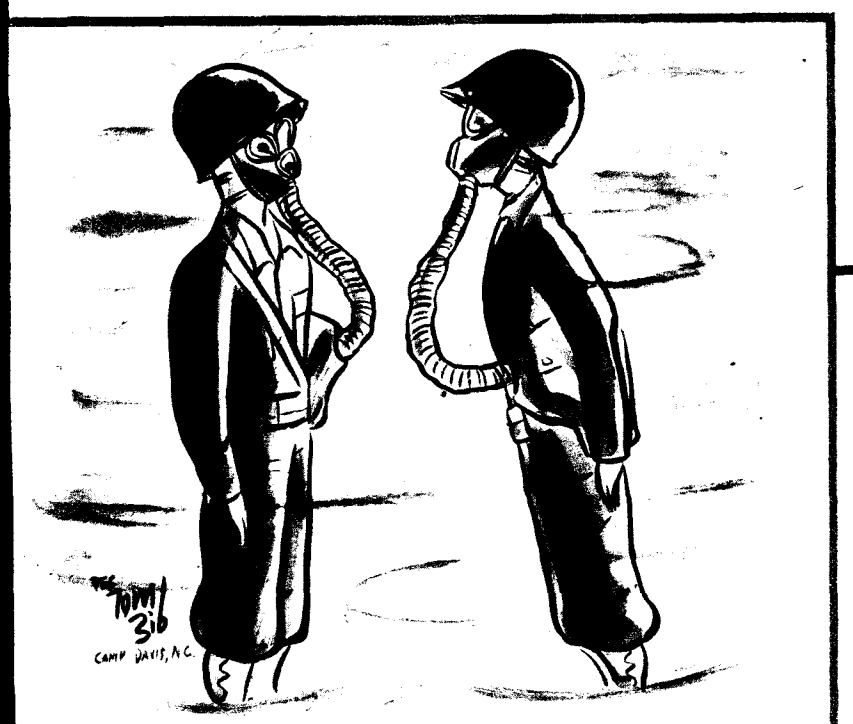


"GEE, FELLOWS! JUST FOUR MORE DAYS TO GO AND WE BEAT THE RECORD!"
—*Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.*



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—*Pfc. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.*

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